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HALLOWED SONGS.

By PHILIP PHILLIPS,

AUTHOR OF "SINGING PILGRIM," "SONG LIFE," "INTERNATIONAL SINGING ANNUAL," "METRICAL TUNE BOOK," "SONG MINISTRY," ETC., ETC.

DESIGNED FOR

PRAYER-MEETINGS, YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS, SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, RELIGIOUS MEETINGS, FAMILY WORSHIP, PRAISE MEETINGS, ETC., ETC.



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HALLOWED SONGS.

HARMONIZED EDITION,	75 cents each, \$50 per 100.
MELODY EDITION,	40 cents each, \$30 per 100.
HYMN EDITION,	25 cents each, \$15 per 100.

P R E F A C E.

The following characteristics have been carefully regarded in preparing

HALLOWED SONGS:

To embody the most popular Hymns and Tunes—new and old—carefully selected from the whole fountain of music, regardless of expense.

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The Gate Ajar for Me.....	(Vail)	Almost Persuaded.....	(Bliss)
I Am Coming, Lord.	(Hartsough)	Pass Me Not.....	(Doan)
How Can I Keep from Singing....	(Lowry)	The Penitent.....	(Allen)
Sing of His Mighty Love.....	(Bradbury)	Over There.....	(O'Kane)
Come, Come to Jesus.....	(Main)	Rock of Ages.....	(Hastings)
Dear Jesus. Abide Thou with Me....	(Camp)	My Days are Gliding.....	(Root)
Sweeping through the Gates....	(Phillips)	Nearer, My God, to Thee.....	(Mason)

More than two hundred of the good old

STANDARD HYMNS,

set to familiar tunes, are also included, so that Sunday or Bible-schools can use the more substantial hymns of sanctuary worship, and the children, thus growing up in their use, can also praise God with the great congregation.

REQUEST.

May I ask of the *singing public* a careful examination of Hallowed Songs as to the above points, or at least a glance at the Table of Contents, which I hereby respectfully submit to the Christian public?

January, 1874,

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

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HALLOWED SONGS.

[HYMN EDITION.]

No's of the Hymns corresponding with the Harmonized and Melody Edition.

No. 1.

- 1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land.
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice;
Whisp'ring softly, wand'rer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.
- 2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er;
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wondering if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but JESUS' blood;
Whisper softly, wanderer come!
Follow Me, I'll guide thee home.

No. 2.

- 1 While we walk with God in light,
God our hearts doth still unite:
Dearest fellowship we prove,—
Fellowship in Jesus' love:
Sweetly each, with each combined,
In the bonds of duty join'd,
Feels the cleansing blood applied,—
Daily feels that Christ hath died.
- 2 Still, O Lord, our faith increase;
Cleanse from all unrighteousness;
Thee the' unholy cannot see;
Make, O make us meet for Thee;

Every vile affection kill;
Root out every seed of ill;
Utterly abolish sin;
Write Thy law of love within.

No. 3

- 1 Oh! do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the
light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not
to-night?
- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time! oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not
to-night?
- 3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not
to-night?
- 4 Our GOD in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus His love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not
to-night?
- 5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to Him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not
to-night?

No. 4.

- 1 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to welcome thee,
O Wand'rer! eagerly;
Come, come to Jesus!

2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O Slave! eternally;
Come, come to Jesus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O Burdened! graciously;
Come, come to Jesus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O Blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O Weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

No. 5.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that
flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

No. 6.

1 Wouldst thou be sav'd? no time to lose;
Arise, and run the heavenly road;
Wouldst thou be blest; then, pilgrim,
haste
To leave destruction's dread abode.

HO. (O come!) O come! the Saviour calls,
"I am the way, the truth the life;"
Come hither, burdened soul to Me.

2 Oh, tell me how! oh, tell me where!
The way I long have sought to know;
But fear the guilt and sin I bear
Will sink me in the depths of woe. *Oho.*

3 God's word will guide thee; dost thou
A light from yonder distant hill? [see
On, Pilgrim, on! it shines for thee,
With steady course pursue it still. *Oho.*

4 God's word shall guide me; yes, I see
A light from yonder distant hill;
Oh, tell me, does it shine for me?
Hail, glorious light! I will, I will! *Oho.*

5 Farewell, a long farewell to those
Who seek to stay me as I fly;
My ears against their call I close,
Life, life, eternal life! my cry. *Oho.*

No. 7.

1 I now have found abiding rest,
For which I long was sighing:
Now on my Saviour's faithful breast
My weary head is lying:
This is the place where sin no more,
And death and hell alarm me;
I now am safe, by Jesus' power,
From all that else would harm me.

2 He whispers me—"I'm wholly thine,
And thou art mine forever;
Henceforth all fear and doubt resign,
Confiding in my favour;
Thy every want shall find supply
From my exhaustless treasure;
I'll fill thy spirit with my joy,
The pledge of endless pleasure."

3 From Jesus and His love, who now,
By terrors to divide me,
My great and many sins would show!
His wounds from vengeance hide me:
My sins are great—I'll not despair,
Though conscience, too, arraigns me,
Nor doubt my Saviour's watchful
care—

His arms of love sustain me.

4 I thank thee, God's beloved Son,
Thy boundless grace adoring,
Which brought thee from Thy glorious
throne,
Our peace with God restoring;
Oh, make my heart a shrine, where
peace
Shall keep her constant dwelling!
Where grateful praise shall never
Abroad Thy glories telling. [cease,

No. 8.

1 Oh, there is a river whose fresh waters
flow
O'er earth's broadest surface, a cure for
all woe;

Its streams are all healing, there's life in
each wave,
Oh, try it, and prove it, 'tis mighty to save
2 Oh, drink of this river, its full crystal
flood
Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary
load;
Itsripples ne'er mix with the billows of
strife,
This is the "Pure River of Water of
Life."

3 This beautiful river our boast well may
be,
'Tis fresh, overflowing, and better, 'tis
free;
The sin-sick rejoice in this "peace-
speaking" tide,
This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."

No. 9.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO. Jesus died for you;

Jesus died for me;
Yes, Jesus died for all mankind,
Bless God, salvation's free.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree.—*Cho.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.—*Cho.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear Cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho.*

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away.
'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

No. 10.

1 Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings,
Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me—
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,

Let Thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee:
Fain I'm longing for Thy favour;
Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—
Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me.

6 Pass me not, Thy lost one bringing:
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
Whilst the streams of life are springing.
Blessing others, O, bless me—
Even me.

No. 11.

1 Naught of merit or of price
Remains to justice due;
Jesus died, and paid it all,—
Yes, all the debt I owe.

CHO. Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,
Jesus paid it, paid it all,
Jesus died, and paid it all
Yes, all the debt I owe.

2 When He from His lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
" 'Tis finished!" was His cry.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

3 Weary not, O toiling one,
Whate'er thy conflict be,
Work for Him with cheerful heart,
Who suffered all for Thee.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 Clinging to the Saviour's cross,
Look up by simple faith,
Praise Him for the pardoning love
That saves from endless death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 Bring a willing sacrifice—
Thy soul to Jesus feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

No. 12.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 13.

- 1 Pilgrim, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till Mercy let thee in,
Knock and weep, and watch and wait;
Knock—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep—He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch—for saving grace is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly light appears.
- 2 Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice:
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and sealed, and bought and blest:
Safe—from all the lures of vice;
Sealed—by signs the chosen know;
Bought—by love and life the price;
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.
- 3 Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubt and pain:
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly;
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in certain rapture die;
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

No. 14.

- 1 Watchman, tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler, o'er yon mountain's height
See the glory-beaming star.
Watchman, does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler, yes, it brings the day—
Promised day of Israel.

- 2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams, alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler, ages are its own:
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

No. 15.

From "Bright Jewels."

- 1 My life flows on in endless song;
Above earth's lamentation
I catch the sweet, tho' far-off hymn,
That hails a new creation.
Thro' all the tumult and the strife
I hear the music ringing;
It finds an echo in my soul—
How can I keep from singing?
- 2 What though my joys and comfort die?
The Lord my Saviour liveth;
What though the darkness gather round?
Songs in the night He giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that refuge clinging;
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth,
How can I keep from singing?
- 3 I lift my eyes; the cloud grows dim;
I see the blue above it;
And day by day this pathway smooths,
Since first I learned to love it.
The peace of Christ makes fresh my
A fountain ever springing; [heart,
All things are mine since I am His—
How can I keep from singing?

No. 16.

- 1 Abide with me; fast falls the eventide:
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a-
bide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts
flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a-
way;
Change and decay in all around I see
O Thou who changest not—abide with
me.
- 3 Thou on my head in early youth didst
smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse
meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me oft as I left Thee;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.

4 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
When but Thy grace can fill the tem-
per's power;
Who like Thyself my guide and stay
can be,
Through clouds and sunshine—oh, a-
bide with me.

5 Hail on Thy cross before my closing
eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me
to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
vain shadows flee,
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

No. 17.

1 I am waiting by the river,
And my heart has waited long;
Now I think I hear the chorus
Of the angels' welcome song.
Oh, I see the dawn is breaking
On the hill-tops of the West,
"Where the wearied cease from trou-
bling, And the weary be at rest." (Sing)

2 Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary time of tears,
There the wide of Miss is sweeping
Through the bright and changeless
years.

Oh! I long to be with Jesus,
In the missions of the West,
"Where the wearied cease from trou-
bling, And the weary be at rest."

3 They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary is gone no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the West,
"Where the wearied cease from trou-
bling, And the weary be at rest."

No. 18.

1 When he cometh, when he cometh,
To make up his jewels,
All his jewels, precious jewels,
He loved and his own.

Chor.—Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty
Bright gems for his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems of the kingdom—
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
He loved and his own.

Chor.—Like the stars of the morning.

3 Like children, like children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
He loved and his own.

Chor.—Like the stars of the morning.

No. 19.

1 Thou, whose almighty word
Chase and darkness heard,
And took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light.

2 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move on the waters' face
Beaming the lamp of grace;
And in earth's darkest place,
Let there be light.

No. 20.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My soul inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And grief around me spread,
Be Thou my guide;
Ere darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

No. 21.

1 The God of harvest praises
In loud thanksgiving raise
Herald, heart, and voice;
The valleys smile and sing,

Forests and mountains ring,
The plains their tribute bring,
The streams rejoice.

- 2 The God of harvest praise;
Hearts, hands, and voices, raise,
With sweet accord;
From field to garner throng,
Bearing your sheaves along,
And in your harvest song
Bless ye the Lord.

No. 22.

- 1 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the free!

I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me!

O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,

And point to the print of the nails in His hand.

CHO.—Oh, sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love—
Mighty to save.

- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified! Jesus is mine,

No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His grace,

Who lifteth upon me the smiles of His face.—*Cho.*

- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!

No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;

No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,—

No tears but may dry them on Jesus's breast.—*Cho.*

- 4 O Jesus the Crucified! Thee will I sing!

My blessed Redeemer! my God and my King!

My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er the grave,

And triumph in death in the Mighty to save.—*Cho.*

No. 23.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!

That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known;

In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

- 2 ||: Sweet hour of prayer! :||
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
||: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for Thee, sweet hour of prayer! :||

- 3 ||: Sweet hour of prayer! :||
May I Thy consolation share,
Till from mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
||: And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :||

No. 24.

- 1 When Thou, my righteous judge, shalt come

To take Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?

Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand.

- 2 I love to meet Thy people now,
Before Thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all:
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When Thou for them shalt call?

- 3 O Lord, prevent it by Thy grace;
Be Thou my only hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

- 4 Let me among the saints be found
Whene'er the archangels trump shall sound,
To see Thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions
With shouts of sovereign grace. [ring

No. 25.

1 Come Thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it;
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 26.

1 Saviour! visit Thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord! a gracious rain:
All will come to desolation,
Unless Thou return again.
Keep no longer at a distance;—
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of Thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

2 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed Thy servant,
Shun the world's enticing snares.
Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive Thy work afresh.

No. 27.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tenderest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.

Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,

Seek us when we go astray.

Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosom fill.

Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 28.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, &c.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, &c.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, &c.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forget,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, &c.

No. 29.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound;

Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound.
The year of jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

No. 30.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.

2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede—
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

No. 31.

1 Great King of glory, come,
And with Thy favour crown
This temple as Thy home,—
This people as Thine own:
Beneath this roof, O deign to show
How God can dwell with men below.

2 Here may Thine ears attend
Our interceding cries,
And grateful praise ascend,
Like incense, to the skies:
Here may Thy soul-converting word
With faith be preach'd, in faith be heard.

No. 32.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 33.

1 Except the Lord our labours bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except His guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep,—
Early to rise and late to sleep,—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on high,
His providential care supply.

3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever flee
For guidance and for help to Thee;
Thy blessing ask, whate'er we do,
And in Thy strength our work pursue.

No. 34.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye
languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently
kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here
tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not heal.

2 Joy to the desolate; light of the stray-
ing,

Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
pure;—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
saying—

Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not cure.

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
knowing—
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
remove.

No. 35.

- 1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
||: He is able, :||
He is willing: doubt no more,

CHORUS.

Turn to the Lord, and seek salvation;
Sound the praise of His dear Name;
Glory, honor, and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh,—
||: Without money, :||
Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.
CHO.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel your need of Him:
||: This He gives you, —:||
'Tis the Spirit's glim'ring beam.
CHO.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall:
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
||: Not the righteous, —:||
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
CHO.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

No. 36.

- 1 Jesus, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wand'ring sheep;
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep.
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be all long-suff'ring shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.
- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:

Give what I have long implored,
A portion of Thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, &c.

- 3 For Thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind Thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If Thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, &c.

No. 37.

- 1 I was a wand'ring sheep,
I did not love the fold;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controll'd;
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I lov'd afar to roam.
- 2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child:
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.
- 3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'T was He that loved my soul,
'T was He that washed me in His blood,
'T was He that made me whole:
'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was He that brought me to the fold,
'T is He that still doth keep.

No. 38.

- 1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth,
Oh, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar, and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while He sings,
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne:

In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see His face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 39.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence, my all shalt be.

CHO.—Here before Thine altar kneeling,
Jesus, Lord, I look for Thee;
Waiting for the Spirit's sealing,
Longing only Thine to be.

2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.
Here before Thine, &c.

3 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue:
Here before Thine, &c.

4 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn
Show Thy face and all is bright. [me.
Here before Thine, &c.

5 Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Here before Thine, &c.

6 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Here before Thine, &c.

No. 40.

1 Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:

Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing;
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,—
Glory be to God most high!

No. 41.

1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God:
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode;

2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

3 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Still supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

4 Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

No. 42.

1 I hear Thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to Thee;
For cleansing in Thy Precious Blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

CHO. I am coming, Lord!
Coming now to Thee!
Wash me, cleanse me, in the Blood
That flow'd on Calvary!

2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure. *Cho.*

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To Perfect Faith and Love,
To Perfect Hope, and Peace and Trust
For Earth and Heav'n above. *Cho.*

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms,
The blessed work within,

By adding grace, to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin. *Cho.*

5 And He the Witness gives
To loyal hearts and free.
That every Promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea. *Cho.*

6 All Hail! Atoning Blood!
All Hail! Redeeming Grace!
All Hail! the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

Cho.

No. 43.

1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

REF. On Christ the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on His *unchanging* grace;
In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil. *Ref.*

3 His word, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood:
When all around on earth gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay. *Ref.*

No. 44.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous
shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is dear but heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal
bloom,
And joys supreme are given:
There rays disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

No. 45.

1 Oh, how sweet when we mingle with
kindred spirits here,
And tell of Jesus and His love;
When by faith we can see Him and feel
His presence near,

It lifts our longing souls above; [river,
Cho.—We shall meet on the banks of the
Happy, happy there for evermore.
We shall dwell with the angels, and
join their chorus song,
Our lov'd ones, lov'd ones gone before.

2 We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials
we must bear,
We'll count them blessing in disguise;
Though the cross may be heavy, the
crown we soon shall wear
In heaven, where pleasure never dies.

Cho.

3 When we walk through the valley and
shadow of the tomb,
Dear Saviour, Thou wilt be our guide;
Thy smile like a sunbeam shall light be-
yond the gloom,
And keep the ransomed at Thy side.

Cho.

No. 46.

1 Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine!
Break every tender tie,
Jesus is mine!
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting place,
Jesus alone can bless,
Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!

4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!

Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!

No. 47. *From "Praises of Jesus."*

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so:
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.

CHO. Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in. *Cho.*

3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I am very weak and ill;
From His shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie. *Cho.*

4 Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die
He will take me home on high. *Cho.*

No. 48.

1 On the mountain tops appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion, bearing—
Zion, long in hostile lands;
Mourning captive!
God Himself will loose thy bands;
2 Has thy night been long and mourn-
ful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He Himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here thy boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King shall surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd,
For thy shame thou shalt have trouble,

In thy Maker's favour bless'd;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

No. 49.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion—
What a favored lot is Thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last removed;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more
bright,
But can never cease to love thee,
Thou art precious in His sight:
God is with thee.—
God, thine everlasting light.

No. 50.

1 Angels, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the infant light:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ the new-born King.

No. 51.

1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us, each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Trav'ling through this wilderness.
2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven
Glad the summons to obey—
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.

No. 52.

1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee:
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
Unperceived amid the throng;
Wond'ring at the love that crown'd us,
Glad to join the holy song:
Hallelujah;
Love and praise to Christ belong!

No. 53.

1 I love to think of the heav'nly land,
Where white-rob'd angels are;
Where many a friend is gather'd safe
From fear and toil, and care.

REF. There'll be no parting, etc.
There'll be no parting there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains. *Ref.*

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one. *Ref.*

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walls—the golden streets. *Ref.*

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there. *Ref.*

No. 54.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's choral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,

They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole, to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 55.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepar'd for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue Thy onward way;
Flow Thou to every nation,
Nor in Thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

No. 56.

- 1 We wont give up the Bible,
God's holy book divine,
The Book of inspiration,
Where truth and wisdom shine.
No hand shall wrest it from us.
No tyrant power we fear,
We wont give up the Bible,
Our Fathers loved so dear.
- 2 We wont give up the Bible,
That tells a Saviour's love,
The precious Lamp that guides us,
To purer joys above.
We wont give up the Bible,
But read it day by day,
God help us by its council,
To find the narrow way.

No. 57.

- 1 Watchman, tell me, does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
Have the signs that mark its coming
Yet upon my pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes, arise, look around thee!
Light is breaking in the skies;
Spurn the unbelief that bounds thee;
Morning dawns—arise, arise;
- 2 Pilgrim in that golden city,
Seated on His jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams and crystal fountains
Sparkle in th' eternal day.
- 3 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,
Omens of the coming day,
When the last loud trumpet, sounding,
Shall awake from earth and sea
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.
- 4 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers,
On just yonder; oh, how cheering
Bloom for ever Eden's bowers!
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air;
See the millions! hear them singing!
Soon the pilgrims will be there.

No. 58.

- 1 And may I still get there?
Still reach the heavenly shore?
The land for ever bright and fair,
Where sorrow reigns no more!
CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heav'n above, where all is love
There'll be no sorrow there.
- 2 Shall I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last, and happy fly,
On angel's wings to heaven? *Cho.*
- 3 Hail, love divine and pure,
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are bright, and now secure
Upborne by faith I rise. *Cho.*
- 4 I part with earth and sin,
And shout the danger's past;
My Saviour takes me fully in,
And I am His at last. *Cho.*

No. 59.

- 1 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.
- 2 The Church of the first-born,
We shall with them be blest,
And, crown'd with endless joy, re-
To our eternal rest. {turn
- 3 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.

No. 60.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heav'n is gone,—
He, whom I fix my hope upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till Him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,—
The road that leads from banishment,—
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not,
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
Come hither, soul, I am the way.

- 5 Lo! glad I come; and Thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.

No. 61.

- 1 My body soul, and spirit,
Jesus, I give to Thee,
A consecrated off'ring,
Thine evermore to be.
- CHO.—My all is on the altar,
I'm waiting for the fire;
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
I'm waiting for the fire.
- 2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in Thy great Name,
I look for Thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim. *Cho.*
- 3 Oh, let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering. [*Cho.*
And cleanse and make me whole.—
- 4 I'm Thine, O blessed Jesus,
Wash'd by Thy precious blood,
Now seal me by Thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God. *Cho.*

No. 62.

- 1 To the hall of the feast came the sin-
ful and fair,
She heard in the city that Jesus was
there;
Unheeding the splendour that blaz'd
on the board,
She silently knelt at the feet of the
Lord.
- 2 The frown and the murmur went
round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread
in that hall;
And some said the poor would be ob-
jects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she
showered on His feet.
- 3 She heard but the Saviour—she spoke
but with tears;
She dared not look up to the heaven
of His eyes,

And the hot tears gushed forth at
each heave of her breast,
As her lips to His sandals were throb-
bingly pressed.

- 4 In the sky after tempest, as shineth
the bows,
In the glare of the sunbeams as melt-
eth the snows,
He looked on the lost one, "her sins
were forgiven,"
And Mary went forth in the beauty
of heaven.

No. 63.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

No. 64.

- 1 Oh, when shall we sweetly remove,
Oh, when shall we enter our rest,—
Return to the Zion above,
The mother of spirits distressed;—
That city of God the great King,
Where sorrow and death are no more,
Where saints our Immanuel sing,
And cherub and seraph adore?
- 2 But angels themselves cannot tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of His heavenly face:
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove;
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of His love.

3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
 We long Thy appearing to see,
 Resign'd to the burden we bear,
 But longing to triumph with Thee:
 'Tis good at Thy word to be here;
 'Tis better in Thee to be gone,
 And see Thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share in Thy throne.

No. 65.

1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see!
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness to me;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in Him,
 December's as pleasant as May.

2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were He always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,—
 My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
 My all to His pleasure resign'd,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blest with a sense of His love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
 If Thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to Thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

No. 66.

1 I'm but a stranger here,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heav'n is my home;
 Danger and sorrow stand,
 Round me on ev'ry hand;
 Heav'n is my fatherland,
 Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last.
 Heaven is my home.

3 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest
 Those I loved most and best,
 There too I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

No. 67.

1 Keep praying at the door,
 And knocking while you pray,
 Nor tremble, tho' the tempter's voice
 Would fright your soul away.
 REF.—Keep praying at the door,
 Still praying at the door;
 Though long the answer is delay'd,
 Keep praying at the door.

2 The Lord will surely come,
 His promise cannot fail;
 Oh, knock and pray, and plead, and call,
 The prayer will yet prevail. *Ref.*

3 Thy door will open wide,
 And thou shalt enter in,
 And from the Holy One receive
 A pardon for thy sin. *Ref.*

No. 68.

1 Though troubles assail, and dangers
 affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes
 all unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever
 betide,
 The promise assures us—The Lord
 will provide.

2 The birds, without barn or store-
 house, are fed;
 From them let us learn to trust for
 our bread:
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er
 be denied,
 So long as 'tis written,—The Lord
 will provide.

3 When Satan appears to stop up our
 path,

And fills us with fears, we triumph
by faith;
He cannot take from us (though oft
he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise, — The
Lord will provide.

- 4 He tell us we're weak,—our hope is in
vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall
obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces
have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord
will provide.

No. 69.

- 1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the fountains are ever flowing.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night;
2 There the glory is ever shining;
I am longing, I am longing for the
sight;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I have been wand'ring forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.
3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its
light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

No. 70.

- 1 Oh, let not your hearts be troubled,
Neither let them be afraid.
For, behold! the bridegroom cometh,
In His wedding robes arrayed.
CHO.—There is joy for the ransomed,
There is joy for the ransomed,
There is joy for the ransomed,
There is joy for you.
2 Let me drink sweet draughts of mercy
From the fountain flowing free,
Let me drink and live for ever
Where my Saviour I may see. *Cho.*
3 Tell me not, ye weary-laden,
There is nought but sorrow here,
For the Lord hath sent His angels,
And His chosen need not fear. *Cho.*

4 Keep your lamps well trimmed and
burning
And the wedding garments on,
For there's none that know the momeñ'
Of the coming of the Son. *Cho.*

No. 71.

- 1 When shall we meet again?—
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes—
Never—no, never!
2 When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never—no, never!
3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never—no, never!

No. 72.

- 1 One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.
CHO.—Nearer my home, nearer my home,
Nearer my home to-day, to-day,
Than I have been before.
2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be,
Nearer the great white throne to-day,
Nearer the crystal sea. *Cho.*
3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down,
Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
And nearer to the crown. *Cho.*
4 But lying dark between,
And winding through the night,
The deep and unknown stream to-day,
Crossed ere we reach the light. *Cho.*

5 Jesus, confirm my trust;
Strengthen the hand of faith
To feel Thee when I stand to-day
Upon the shore of death. *Cho.*

6 Be near me when my feet
Are slipping o'er the brink;
For I am nearer home to-day,
Perhaps, than now I think. *Cho.*

No. 73.

1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with His almighty Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand:
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Then the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs:
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

No. 74.

1 Out on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound,
Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless
We're homeward bound, [tide,
Far from the safe, quite harbour we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each He be-
We're homeward bound, [stow'd,

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it
We're homeward bound, [roars;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly
We're homeward bound; [shores;
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the
gale,

Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking
We're homeward bound, [sail;

3 We'll tell the world, as we journey
along,

We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our
thrung,

We're homeward bound;
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and
oppressed,

Join in our number,—oh, come and be
blest!

Journey with us to the mansions of
rest,

We're homeward bound.

4 Into the harbor of heaven now we
glide,

We're home at last;

Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last;

Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore;
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

No. 75.

1 Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe:
It will joy and comfort give you—
Take it, then, where'er you go.
Cho.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever,
As a shield from every snare;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.
Cho.—Precious name, O how sweet,
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

3 Oh, the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!
Cho.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown
him,
When our journey is complete.
Cho.—Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

No. 76.

1 I would not live alway; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark
o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough
for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till He bid me arise,
To hail Him in triumph descending the skies.

3 Who, who would live alway, away from His God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

No. 77.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly—
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO. For now we stand on Jordan's
Our friends are passing over; [strand,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,

Our heavenly home discerning:
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning. *Cho.*

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing. *Cho.*

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
For ever! oh, for ever! *Cho.*

No. 78.

1 Ah! this heart is void and chill,
'Mid earth's noisy throngings;
For my Father's mansions still
Earnestly is longing.

REF.—Looking home, looking home
T'wards the heavenly mansions
Jesus hath prepar'd for me
In His Father's kingdom.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,
Heavenly pleasures bringing;
Night will be exchanged for morn,
Sighs give place to singing. *Ref.*

3 Oh! to be at home again,
All for which we're sighing.
From all earthly want and pain
To be swiftly flying. *Ref.*

4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
All for which we're sighing,
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom. *Ref.*

No. 79.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 80.

1 Awake, my soul, in joyous lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
His loving-kindness, loving kindness,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

- 2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
- 3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along:
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

No. 81.

- 1 Come, brethren, don't grow weary,
But let us journey on;
The moments will not tarry;
This life will soon be gone:
The passing scenes all tell us
That death will surely come;
These bodies soon will moulder
In th' dark and weary tomb:
CHO.—There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest in heaven,
There is sweet rest, there is sweet rest,
There is sweet rest in heaven.
- 2 Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away,
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foes' most mighty host. *Cho.*
- 3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder world of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh, and Satau,
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll o'ercome these powers,
If we hourly watch and pray. *Cho.*

No. 82.

- 1 Beautiful Zion, built above,
Beautiful city that I love
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light.

- 2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains, that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir
- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.
- 4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wandering cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.

No. 83.

- 1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where, in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
CHO.—Shall we meet? shall we meet?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbour,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore? *Cho.*
- 3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine? *Cho.*
- 4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound?
- 5 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?
- 6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favour,
And sit down upon the throne?

No. 84.

- 1 O happy day, that fix'd my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.
CHO. Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray.
And live rejoicing ev'ry day:
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.
Happy day, happy day, &c.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, happy day, &c.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart:
With Him of every good possess'd.
Happy day, happy day, &c.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day, happy day, &c.

No. 85.

1 "Land ahead!" Its fruits are waving
O'er the hills of fadeless green;
And the living waters laving
Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.
CHO. Rocks and storms I fear no more,
When on that eternal shore,
Drop the anchor! furl the sail!
I am safe within the veil.

2 Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding,
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands. *Cho.*

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;
Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away. *Cho.*

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the rock of our salvation,
We are safely home at last; *Cho.*

No. 86.

1 Hail, my ever blessed Jesus!
Only Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace! etc.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.
Witness all ye hosts of heaven
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace! etc.

3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love
That blest moment I received Him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much, I've much forgiven—
I'm a miracle of grace!

No. 87.

Hark the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
Ye for whom His life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong:
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

2 Fill'd with holy emulation,
We unite with those above:
Sweet the theme—a free salvation—
Fruit of everlasting love.
Endless life in Him possessing,
Let us praise His precious name;
Glory, honour, power, and blessing,
Be forever to the Lamb.

No. 88.

1 Hasten, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Ev'ry nation, ev'ry clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings His pow'r shall own;
Heathen tribes His Name adore;
Satan and his host, o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious Name;
All His mighty acts record.—
All His wondrous love proclaim.

No. 89.

- 1 Hark! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

No. 90.

- 1 When we pass thro' yonder river,
When we reach the farther shore,
There's an end of war for ever;
We shall see our foes no more:
||: All our conflicts then shall cease, :||
Followed by eternal peace.
- 2 After warfare, rest is pleasant;
Oh, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this;
||: Toil, and pain, and conflict pass, :||
All endear repose at last.
- 3 When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore—
Blessed thought—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
||: Far beyond the reach of foes, :||
We shall dwell in sweet repose.
- 4 O that hope; how bright, how glorious
'Tis His people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
||: In His kingdom they shall rest, :||
In His love be fully blest.

No. 91.

- 1 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Beat back the waves of sin that roll,
Like raging floods, around thy soul!
- CHORUS.
Stand up for Jesus, nobly stand!
Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!
Stand up, His righteous cause defend;
Stand up for Jesus, your best Friend.
- 2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth His Name o'er sea and
land!
Spread ye His glorious Word abroad,
Till all the world shall own Him Lord!

Oh

- 3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand;
Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry. *Cho.*
- 4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on heaven's bright
shore. *Cho.*

No. 92.

- 1 Listen to the gentle promptings
Of the Spirit's warning voice;
Will ye heed His solemn warnings!
Can ye slight His wond'rous love?
- 2 Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardons offered without price;
Come, and round the altar kneeling,
Oh, receive the offered grace.
- 3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay the soothing peace;
Press ye, then, to realms of glory;
Run with joy the offered race.
- 4 Hesitate no longer, sinner,
Lest the Spirit, sad and grieved,
Should forsake thee now and ever,
Never more to be deceived.

No. 93.

- 1 Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say,—Thy will be done.
- 2 Tho' cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone:
Thou didst give, and Thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord,—Thy will be done.
- 3 By Thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but Thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore,—Thy will be done.

No. 94.

- 1 We're trav'ling home to heav'n above
Will you go? Will you go?
To sing the Saviour's dying love;
Will you go? Will you go?
Millions have reach'd that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God;
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go? Will you go?

2 We're going to walk the plains of
light; Will you go?
Far, far from the curse of death and
night; Will you go?
The crown of life we then shall wear,
The conqueror's palm we then shall
bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share;
Will you go?

3 The way to heaven is straight and
plain; Will you go?
Repent, believe, be born again;
Will you go?
The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
"Take up your cross and follow Me,
And thou shalt My salvation see."
Will you go?

4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say,
"I will go;"
Oh, could I hear him humbly pray,
"Make me go;"
And all his old companions tell,
"I will not go with you to hell,
I long with Jesus Christ to dwell;
Let me go."

No. 95.

1 Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh!
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armour by,
||: And dwell with Christ at home; :||
When I shall lay my armour by,
And dwell with Christ at home.

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
||: This world is not my home; :||
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
But fly for succor to His breast,
||: And He'd conduct me home; :||
But fly for succor to His breast,
And He'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
||: And dwell with Christ at home; :||
I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

No. 96.

1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling;
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all Thy grace inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of Thy beginning,
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave;
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above,
Pray and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love.

No. 97.

1 Vain are all terrestrial pleasures;
Mix'd with dross the purest gold,
Seek we then for heavenly treasures,—
Treasures never waxing old.
Let our best affections centre
On the things around the throne:
There no thief can ever enter;
Moth and rust are there unknown.

2 Earthly joys no longer please us;
Here would we renounce them all;
Seek our only rest in Jesus,—
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above;
Bids us look for His appearing;
Bids us triumph in His love.

3 May our light be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,—
Longing for the welcome sound.
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never need we be afraid,
Should He come at night or morning,
Early dawn, or evening shade.

No. 98.

1 The pearly gates are open wide,
I see the bright array;
On either side the angels glide,
To keep the shining way.
And Zion's children learn to find
The way by angels trod,
Where Christ's redeem'd in union walk
The shining way of God.

2 When storms arise, and darkness
The faithful pilgrim's way, [clouds
The angels glide on either side,
To drive the clouds away.
And brighter gleams the morning light
Behind the gentle rod;
For Christ's redeemed more clearly see
The shining way of God.

3 And soon they walk the golden
Not slighted and alone, [streets,—
On either side the angels glide,
To lead them to the throne:
And there they wear a starry crown,
While mortals tire and plod;
For Christ's redeemed are kings who
The shining way of God. [praise

No. 99.

1 Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er,
The raging wind shall cease;
The Christian's bark will reach the shore
Of heaven's eternal peace;
E'en now the distant rays appear,
To chase the gloom of night,
The Sun of Righteousness is near,
And terrors take their flight.

2 The precious jewels Jesus sent
To be our solace here,
Were only for a season lent'
They're shining brighter there.
And we shall soon their lovely forms
In glorious robes behold;
Shall sing with them in angels' songs,
With harps of shining gold.

3 Earth's shadowy years will soon be
Heaven's blissful morn arise, [o'er—
And sorrow's night will then no more
O'ercloud our weeping eyes.
Then will the Lord of life and love
Unveil His beaming face;
And never from our sight remove
The bright celestial rays.

4 In that blest place no loved ones part;
No mourning there, no sighs;

For God Himself will gently wipe
All sorrow from their eyes.
There everlasting peace and joy,
And transport shall be thine;
Praise shall our utmost power employ
In melody divine.

No. 100.

1 Jesus, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To Thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O! the wolf is nigh.
He comes, of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes every straggling soul
As his own lawful prey.

2 Us into Thy protection take,
And gather with Thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.
We laugh to scorn his cruel power,
While by our Shepherd's side;
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

3 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree;
But make us of one mind and heart.
And keep us one in Thee.
Together let us sweetly live,—
Together let us die;
And each a starry crown receive,
And reign above the sky.

No. 101.

1 Centre of our hopes Thou art,
End of our enlarg'd desires;
Stamp Thine image on our heart,
Fill us now with heav'nly fires:
Join'd to Thee by love divine,
Seal our souls for ever Thine.

2 All our works in Thee be wrought—
Levelled at one common aim;
Every word and every thought
Purge in the refining flame;
Lead us through the paths of peace,
On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us altogether rise,
To Thy glorious life restored:
Here again our paradise,
Here prepare to meet our Lord;
Here enjoy the earnest given;
Travel hand in hand to heaven.

No. 102.

- 1 Weary souls, that wander wide
From the central point of bliss;
Turn to Jesus crucified;
Fly to those dear wounds of His:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.
- 2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By His pain He gives you ease,
Life by His expiring groan:
Rise exalted by His fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

No. 103.

- 1 There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels hov'ring round,
There are angels, angels hov'ring
round.
- 2 To carry the tidings home,
To carry the tidings home,
To carry the tidings, the tidings home.
- 3 To the new Jerusalem,
To the new Jerusalem,
To the new, the new Jerusalem.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners, sinners are coming home.
- 5 And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.
- 6 There's glory all around,
There's glory all around,
There's glory, glory all around.

No. 104.

- 1 My heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine;

CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home, to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home, to die no more.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

Cho.

- 3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

Cho.

No. 105.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
CHO.—God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still;
Jesus weeps,
He weeps, and loves me still.
- 2 I have long withstood His grace
Long provoked Him to His face;
Would not hearken to His calls;
Grieved Him by a thousand falls. *Cho.*
- 3 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more. *Cho.*
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands;
Show His wounds, and spreads His
God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still. *Cho.*

No. 106.

- 1 The cross! the cross! the blood-stained
The hollow'd cross I see! [cross!
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.
CHO.—Oh, the blood! the precious blood!
That Jesus shed for me,
Upon the cross, in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.
- 2 The cross! the cross! the heavy cross,
My Saviour bore for me,
Which bowed Him to the earth with
On sad Mount Calvary. *Cho.* [grief,
- 3 How light! how light! this precious
Presented to my view; [cross,
And while, with care, I take it up,
Behold the crown my due.
- 4 The crown! the crown! the glorious
The crown of victory! [crown!
The crown of life! it shall be mine
When I shall Jesus see. *Cho.*
- 5 My tears, unbidden, seem to flow
For love, unbounded love,
Which guides me through this world
And points to joys above. [of woe,

No. 107.

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me, and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; [vived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I look to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun:
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

No. 108.

1 These are the crowns that we shall
wear,
When all Thy saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.

CHO.-On yonder holy ground,
On yonder holy ground;
These are the palms that we shall
On yonder holy ground. [bear

2 These are the robes, unsoiled and
Which we shall then put on, [white,
When foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne. *Cho.*

3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert land. *Cho.*

4 Then welcome toil, and care, and
And welcome sorrow, too! [pain!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view. *Cho.*

5 Come, crown and throne; come robe,
and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness! *Cho.*

No. 109.

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHO.-Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day. *Cho.*

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown. *Cho.*

4 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. *Cho.*

No. 110.

1 I will sing for Jesus,
With His blood He bought me;
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

CHO.-Oh, help me sing for Jesus,
Help me tell the story
Of Him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2 Can there overtake me,
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master? *Cho.*

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing. *Cho.*

4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
Oh, how will I adore Him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before Him. *Cho.*

No. 111.

1 Cling to the MIGHTY ONE, Cling in
thy grief;
Cling to the HOLY ONE, He gives
relief;
Cling to the GRACIOUS ONE, Cling
in thy pain;
Cling to the FAITHFUL ONE, He
will sustain.

2 Cling to the LOVING ONE, Cling in
thy woe;
Cling to the LIVING ONE, Through
all below;

Cling to the PARDONING ONE, He
 speaketh peace;
Cling to the HEALING ONE, An-
 guish shall cease.

1 Cling to the BLEEDING ONE, Cling
 to His side;
Cling to the RISEN ONE, In Him
 abide;
Cling to the COMING ONE, Hope
 shall arise;
Cling to the REIGNING ONE, Joy
 lights thine eyes.

No. 112.

1 I stood outside the gate,
 A poor, wayfaring child;
 Within my heart there beat
 A tempest, loud and wild.
A fear oppressed my soul,
 That I might be *too late*;
And, oh! I trembled sore,
||: And prayed, outside the gate. :||

2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried;
 "Oh, give me rest from sin!"
 "I will," a voice replied;
 And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
 And soothed my aching head;
She eased my burdened soul,
 ||: And bore the load instead. :||

3 In Mercy's guise I knew
 The Saviour long abused;
 Who often sought my heart,
 And wept when I refused.
Oh! what a blest return
 For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
||: And Jesus let me in! :||

No. 113.

1 As God has kindly blest us,
 To others let us give;
Not with a grudging spirit,
 Or that our deeds may live;
Not with a vain ambition,
 To win the praise of men,
No merit in a kindness
 That claims reward again.

CHO.—Now in the name of Jesus,
 Our alms we should bestow;
 God loves a cheerful giver:
 The Bible tells us so.

2 Now in the world before us
 A glorious field we see;
 And in our Master's vineyard
 How active we should be.
The Sabbath schools around us
 For help they loudly call;
Home missions, too, remember,
 And freely give to all. *Cho.*

3 The cause of foreign missions
 Our zealous care demands;
We'll send the blessed Bible
 To distant heathen lands,
 That they may hear of Jesus,
 Whom we so dearly love;
May leave their senseless idols,
 And worship God above. *Cho.*

No. 114.

1 Weep for the fallen! hang your heads
 in sorrow,
 And mournfully sing the requiem, sad
 and slow,
Thousands have perished by the fell de-
 stroyer;
 Oh, weep for youth and beauty,
 Oh, weep for youth and beauty,
 Oh, weep for youth and beauty in the
 grave laid low.

2 Voices of wailing tell our hopeless
 anguish,
 While sorrowing mothers bid us on-
 ward go;
Hark! to their accents, theirs the bro-
 ken-hearted
 Who weep for youth and beauty in
 the grave laid low.

3 Weep for the fallen; but amid your
 sorrow
 Still point to the pledge that freedom
 can bestow,
Rescue the nation from the fell de-
 stroyer,
 For why should youth and beauty in
 the grave lie low.

No. 115.

1 Give me the wings of faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.
Many are the friends, who are waiting
 to-day,
 Happy on the golden strand;

CHORUS.

Many are the voices calling us away
To join their glorious band;
Calling us away, calling us away,
Calling to the better land.

2 Once they were mourners here below,
And pour'd out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears. *Cho.*

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
Their triumph to His death. *Cho.*

No. 116.

1 Bright home of our Saviour, what glories await
The spirits that pass through Thy bright pearly gate;
What anthems of rapture, unceasing and high,
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the sky?
Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for yonder blest home.

2 The home that our Saviour has gone to prepare—
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there,
Of raptures unending awaiting the just,
When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust. Home, &c.

3 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, who call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy, that, wash'd from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in. Home, &c.

No. 117.

1 I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love,
And over its waves to my spirit.
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

CHO.—The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood:
I'm trusting in Jesus for all.
My will is the will of my God.

2 I struggled and wrestled to win it,—
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggles,

His peace Jesus gave unto me. *Cho.*

3 He laid His hand on me and healed me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched the hem of His garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul. *Cho.*

4 The Prince of my Peace is now passing
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh:—
"My peace I will give unto thee."
Cho.

No. 118.

1 God, has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth."
Guide us, Saviour, guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.

2 Be our strength, for we are weakness,
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,
Nearer to our Saviour's side.
Naught can harm us, naught can harm
While we thus in Thee abide. [*us*,

3 May Thy watchful angels hover
Round us, when there's evil near;
May we hide beneath the cover,
Of Thy wings, in time of fear;
And in sorrow, and in sorrow,
Comfort our sad hearts, and cheer.

4 And when death at last o'ertakes us,
And we sink beneath His might,
May the blessed morn awake us,
Safe in yonder realms of light;
There forever, there forever,
Chant thy praise with angels bright.

No. 119.

1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

CHO.—There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient,
In that holy, happy land. *Cho.*

3 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumph as you go;
Zion's gate will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through. *Cho.*

No. 120.

1 A crown of glory bright,
By faith I see;
In yonder realm of light,
Prepared for me.

CHO.-I'm nearer my home, nearer my
Nearer my home to-day; [home,
Yes! nearer my home in heav'n to-
Than ever I was before. [day

2 Oh, may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue. *Cho.*

3 Jesus, be Thou my guide,
My steps attend;
Oh, keep me near Thy side,
Be Thou my friend. *Cho.*

4 Be Thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And when my work is done,
My great reward. *Cho.*

No. 121.

1 My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

REF.-Oh, come, angel band, come, and a-
round me stand,

Oh, bear me away on your snowy
To my immortal home; [wings
Oh, bear me away on your snowy
To my immortal home. [wings

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear;
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks
The crossing must be near. *Ref.*

3 Oh, bear my longing heart to Him,
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory. *Ref.*

No. 122.

From "Golden Trio."

1 He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heav'nly comfort
fraught,

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
REF.-He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bow'rs bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me. *Ref.*

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur or repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. *Ref.*

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by Thy grace, The victory's
won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me. *Ref.*

No. 123.

1 Softly on the breath of evening
Comes the tender sigh of day;
Lonely heart, by sorrow laden,
'Tis the time to pray.

CHO.-Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourn-
ing,

Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourn-
Rest beyond forever. [ing,

2 'Tis the hour where hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour of calm devotion:
Pilgrim, watch and pray. *Cho.*

3 Tho' temptations dark oppress thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
He will hear thy lightest whisper:
Pilgrim, watch and pray. *Cho.*

No. 124.

1 Come unto Jesus, ye that mourn,
Our blessed Saviour said;
His promises, how sure they are.
"Ye shall be comforted."

CHO. This promise, on that sacred mount,
Was given by our Lord:
"Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,
For great is your reward."

2 Ye poor in spirit, unto you
How great the blessings given;
His choicest promises are yours,
"Yours is the kingdom—Heav'n." *Cho.*

3 The meek, and they for Jesus' sake,
Who persecutions bear:
He promises a heavenly home,
A crown of glory there. *Cho.*

4 Be merciful, for unto such
He spares His chast'ning rod;
Be pure in heart, our Saviour says,
The pure shall dwell with God. *Cho.*

No. 125.

1 A way with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,—
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our morning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air:
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.

3 By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here:
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear;
Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

No. 126.

1 Dear comrade pilgrims of the cross,
Although the way be dreary,
Yet faint not, fail not, onward press,
Though grieved, worn and weary.
CHO.—Toil onward still thro' every ill,
Confiding in the Saviour;
The journey done, and glory won,
We'll sing His praise forever.

2 Though sore beset, not overcome,
Cast down, but not despairing,
We're trav'ling t'ward a heav'nly home,
Our Master's standard bearing. *Cho.*

3 We'll one another's burdens bear,
The toilsome journey cheering;

Our joys and all our sorrows share,
Each day our home we're nearing. *Cho.*

4 Our Lord is God; His promise sure,
His help shall fail us never;
And they that to the end endure
Shall reign with Him forever! *Cho.*

No. 127.

1 We are out on the ocean sailing,
Homeward bound we sweetly glide;
We are out on the ocean sailing,
To a home beyond the tide.
CHO. All the storms will soon be over,
Then we'll anchor in the harbor;
|| We are out on the ocean sailing
To a home beyond the tide. :||

2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on the journey,
Yet there's room for millions more. *Cho.*

3 Spread your sails while heavenly
Gently waft our vessel on; [breezes
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song. *Cho.*

4 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore. *Cho*

No. 128.

1 This is not my place of resting
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.
CHO.—Never more, never more,
Never more be sad or weary;
Never more, never more,
Never more to sin again.

2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story—
All the curse has pass'd away. *Cho*

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads
By the streams of life along. [us
On the freshest pastures feed us,
Turns our sighing into song. *Cho*

4 Soon we pass this dreary desert,
Soon we bid farewell to pain,
Nevermore be sad and weary,
Nevermore to sin again. *Cho.*

No. 129.

- 1 There's a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,—
When by sorrows press'd down, I long
for my crown,
In that beautiful land on high.

CHORUS.

- In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free;
My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare
A place in that land for me.
- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by-and-by;
There, with friends, hand in hand, I
shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*
- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way to the realms of
day,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*
- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall
be shed,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*
- 5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say, "good by!"
When over the river we're happy for-
ever,
In that beautiful land on high. *Cho.*

No. 130.

- 1 Oh, come to Jesus now,
Jesus is here, Jesus is here;
All low before Him bow,
Jesus is here, Jesus is here;
Too many go away,
Too many still delay,
Though Jesus bids them stay;
Jesus is here, Jesus is here.
- 2 Come, then, to Jesus now,
Jesus is here;
All near Him lowly bow,
Jesus is here;
Oh, ye that feel your sin,
And coming long have been,
Now find your rest in Him;
Jesus is here.
- 3 Oh, come to Jesus now,
Jesus is here;
Old and young together bow,
Jesus is here;

Oh, what a glorious thing,
Sin's weary load to bring,
And lose it while we sing;
Jesus is here.

No. 131.

- 1 In the early spring-time,
When your leaves are fair,
Little buds of promise,
Little blossoms rare,
Hear the words of Jesus,
Precious will they be,
Bring the little children,
Let them come to me.
- CHO.—Let them come to me,
Let them come to me,
Bring the little children,
Let them come to me.
- 2 All the little children
Gladly will we bring
To the arms of Jesus,
Heaven's exalted King,
For the invitation,
Gracious, full and free,
Says to *all* the children,
Let them come to me. *Cho.*
- 3 Let them come in welcome
To my bleeding side,
To secure their pardon
I was crucified:
They may be forgiven,
From the law set free,
I, the Lord, have risen,
Let them come to me. *Cho.*
- 4 Jesus, we are coming
To Thy loving arms,
Safely there reposing,
Sin no longer harms.
From the wiles of Satan
Thou canst set us free,
Though we're little children,
We will come to Thee. *Cho.*

No. 132.

- 1 Can my soul find rest from sorrow,
Can my sins forgiven be,
Must I wait until to-morrow,
Ere my Saviour speaks to me?
Will He speak in words of kindness?
Will He wash away my sin?
Will He lift this veil of blindness,
And remove this deadly pain?
- 2 O the darkness, how it thickens,
Like the brooding of despair!

And my soul within me sickens—
 God, in mercy, hear my prayer!
 Give me but a hope to cherish,
 Give me just one ray of light—
 Help me, save me, or I perish,
 Take away this awful night!

- 3 Now He hears me, He will save me,
 I behold His shining face,
 Hear Him whisper, He will have me—
 O the miracle of grace!
 I will joy to tell the story
 How He cometh from above—
 Fills my soul, O, glory, glory!
 With the blessings of His love.

No. 133.

- 1 Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
 God speed the right!
 In a noble cause contending,
 God speed the right!
 Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
 With success on earth rewarded.
 God speed the right!
 God speed the right!
- 2 Be that prayer again repeated,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er despairing though defeated,
 God speed the right!
 Like the good and great in story,
 If they fall, they fall with glory.
 God speed the right!
- 3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
 God speed the right!
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's own time succeeding.
 God speed the right!

No. 134.

- 1 God bless our Sunday school,
 Increase our Sunday school.
 God bless our school,
 Send down Thy grace divine,
 May every child be Thine,
 And love, all hearts entwine;
 God bless our school!
- 2 All our dear teachers bless,
 And give them large success,
 In winning souls;
 May they encouraged be,
 And oft around them see
 Their labors crowned by Thee;
 God bless our school.

- 3 So may our school increase
 In knowledge, love, and peace;
 God bless our school.
 And when death's arrows fly,
 And useful teachers die,
 Their places still supply;
 God bless our school.

No. 135.

- 1 God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might.
- 2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies;
 On Him we wait:
 Thou Who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State!

No. 136.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw
 near,
 The waters of life are now floating
 for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is
 here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation
 is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus
 thy God?
 A fountain is opened, how canst thou
 refuse
 To wash and be cleaned in His pard-
 oning blood!
- 3 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of
 grace,
 Long grieved and resisted may take
 its sad flight,
 And leave thee in darkness to finish
 thy race,
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's
 night.

No. 137.

- 1 How pleased and blest was I
 To hear the people cry,
 "Come let us seek our God to-day!"

Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
In thee our tribes appear [round :
To pray, to praise, to hear
The sacred Gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed His royal throne ;
He sits for grace and judgment there :
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest :
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !

No. 138.

1 'Tis religion that can give—
In'the light, in the light ;
Sweetest pleasure while we live—
In the light of God.
'Tis religion must supply—
In the light, in the light ;
Solid comfort when we die—
In the light of God.

CHO.—Let us walk in the light,
In the light, in the light,
Let us walk in the light,
In the light of God.

2 After death its joys shall be—
In the light, in the light ;
Lasting as eternity—
In the light of God.
Be the living God my Friend—
In the light, in the light ;
Then my bliss shall never end—
In the light of God.

No. 139.

1 Oh, how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above ;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I received through the blood of the
Lamb ;

When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received.—
What a heaven in Jesus' Name !

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song :
Oh, that all His salvation might see ;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood ;
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

No. 140.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which
Be of sin the perfect cure, [flow'd,
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could ne'er atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
While mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 141.

1 Wilt Thou not visit me ?
The plant beside me feels Thy | gentle |
dew ;
Each blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening |
moisture | drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me ?
2 Wilt Thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with | cheer
ing | tone ;

And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of | Thee
a- | lone.

Wilt Thou not visit me?

3 Wilt Thou not visit me? I need
Thy love

More than the flower the dew, or | grass
the | rain;

Come like Thy holy dove,

And let me in Thy sight rejoice to | live
a- | gain.

Wilt Thou not visit me?

4 Yes! Thou wilt visit me:
Nor plant, nor tree, Thine eye de- |
lights so | well,

As when from sin^s set free,

Man's spirit comes with Thine in |
peace to | dwell.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me.

No. 142.

Our Father which art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name. Thy kingdom
come. Thy will be done on earth, as it
is in heaven. Give us this day our daily
bread. And forgive us our trespasses,
as we forgive those who trespass against
us. And lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil. For Thine is
the kingdom, and the power, and the
glory, for ever. Amen.

No. 143.

1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransom'd be,
And quickened, quickened from the
dead.

I gave my life for thee, for thee;
||: What hast thou given for Me, for
Me? :||

2 I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.

I spent long years for thee, for thee;
||: Hast thou spent *one* for Me, for Me? :||

3 My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.

I left it all for thee, for thee;
||: Hast thou left *aught* for Me, for Me? :||

4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee, for thee;
||: What dost thou *bear* for Me, for Me? :||

5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love.
Great gifts I brought to thee, to thee;
||: What hast thou *brought* to Me, to Me? :||

6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for Me be spent,
World fetters all be riven
And joy with suffering blent.
Give thou *thyself* to Me, to Me,
||: And I will welcome thee, *yes*, thee! :||

No. 144.

1 Lord, teach us to number the days of
our life-time,
And reckon the days that for ever
have flown;
Regarding them all as but steps of the
progress,
As steps that are noted, or yet to be
known.

2 Yes! Life is the name of that slender
existence
That dwells in the perishing body
of clay;
A flow'r of the morning, it grows in
the sunshine—
It blooms for a little, and dies in a
day.

3 Time passes unheeded and often for-
gotten,
The chimes of the seasons go mer-
rily round;
The dread hour of midnight steals on
in the darkness,
And thunders the night-watch with
dull heavy sound.

4 The dew of the night and the midst
of the morning
Scarce live but a moment, when up-
ward they fly.
The babe of our joy is the child of
our sorrow;
To-day it is fondled—to-morrow to
die.

5 Then teach us to number the days of
our life-time,
And study to walk in more heavenly ways:
As we reckon the hours and the
chimes of the noon-tide,
So teach us, great Teacher, to number
our days.

No. 145.

1 Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble;
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, do the right,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, &c.
3 Some will hate thee, some will love
thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, &c.

No. 146.

1 In the furrows of thy life,
Scatter seed!
Small may be thy spirit-field,
But a goodly crop 'twill yield,
Sow the kindly word and deed—
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!
CHO.—Open then thy golden store,
Stretch the furrows more and more,
God will give thee all thy need,
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!
2 Sun and shower aid thee now,
Scatter seed!
Who can tell where grain may grow?
Winds are blowing to and fro,
Daily good thy simple creed,
Scatter, scatter goodly seed. *Cho.*
3 Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground;
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed,
Scatter, scatter goodly seed. *Cho.*
4 Spring-time always dawns for thee!
Scatter seed!

Open then thy golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more,
God will give thee all thy need,
Scatter, scatter goodly seed. *Cho.*

No. 147.

1 I bring my sins to Thee,
The sins I cannot count,
That all may cleansed be
In Thy once opened fount.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee;
The burden is too great for me.
2 My heart to Thee I bring,
The heart I cannot read,
A faithless, wand'ring thing,
An evil heart indeed.
I bring it, Saviour, now to Thee,
That fixed and faithful it may be.
3 To Thee I bring my care,
The care I cannot flee;
Thou wilt not only share,
But take it all for me.
O loving Saviour! now to Thee
I bring the load that wearies me.
4 I bring my grief to Thee,
The grief I cannot tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well.
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour! all to Thee.
5 My joys to Thee I bring,
The joys Thy love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven.
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.
6 My life I bring to Thee,
I would not be my own:
O Saviour! let me be
Thine ever, Thine alone!
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

No. 148.

1 God loved the world so dearly,
His only Son He gave,
And "whosoever" on Him believes,
His precious blood will save.
CHO.—Thank God for a full salvation,
Thank God for His tender call,
Thank God for a "whosoever"—
Not one may come—but all.

2 O look to Him ye nations—
The Lamb for sinners slain,
And "whosoever" will seek His face,
Shall never seek in vain. *Cho.*

3 Come, weary, heavy laden,
And He will give you rest,
And "whosoever" will do His will,
Shall be forever blest. *Cho.*

4 Come, say the Bride and Spirit,
Amen, so let it be,
For "whosoever" will come to God,
May come—for grace is free. *Cho.*

No. 149.

1 God's temple is here, and the sky is
its dome,
He speaks from this altar to-day,
And fills with His glory transcendently bright,

The place where we gather to pray,
CHO.—O brethren, 'tis good to be here,
Our blessed Redeemer is near;
We plunge in the flood of His life-giving blood,

O brother, 'tis good to be here!

2 As Peter cried out when he saw in
the mount
Elias with Moses appear,
And Jesus transfigured in garments
of light,

O Master, 'tis good to be here.

CHO.—We answer, 'tis good to be here,
Our blessed Redeemer, &c.

3 Come, sinner, why linger away from
Thy God,

Away from a pardon so dear?

Now give Him your heart as you
kneel at His feet,

And say it is good to be here.

CHO.—Oh, yes, it is good to be here,
Our blessed Redeemer, &c.

No. 150.

1 My sister, the Master is calling for
you,

Oh, hear His sweet voice and obey;
The harvest is white but the laborers
are few,

Go, work in my vineyard to-day.

CHORUS.

The Master is waiting, waiting, waiting,
The Master is waiting and calling for
you.

2 He waits where his children are cry-
ing for bread,
Where the tempted are ready to
fall:

"I would not that any should per-
ish," He said,

"I come with salvation to all." *Cho.*

3 He waits in the homes of the poor
and oppressed,
To lighten the burdens they bear;
And brings to the weary and fainting
one's rest—

Go quickly, and meet with Him
there. *Cho.*

4 My sister, the Master is waiting for
you;

He calls for the reapers to-day.

There's work for each one of His chil-
dren to do;

Oh! haste thee, no longer delay.

Cho.

No. 151.

1 Trust in God for every blessing,
Trust in God from day to day;

Do we lack for temporal comfort?

Go, by simple faith, and pray.

CHO.—Trust Him while He gives you
breath,

Trust Him in the vale of death,

Trust Him on the narrow sea,

Trust Him through eternity.

2 God will never fail His children

If His promise they believe;

In the precious name of Jesus

All we ask we shall receive. *Cho.*

3 Are the ties of earthly friendship

Crushed and broken, one by one?

Trust in God, and say, rejoicing,

Lord, Thy will, not mine, be done!

Cho

4 Trust in God, the Rock of Ages,

Then thy feet shall stand secure;

Bear thy cross without repining,

Patient to the end endure. *Cho.*

No. 152.

1 There is a gate that stands ajar,

And, through its portals gleaming,

A radiance from the Cross afar

The Saviour's love revealing;

REF.—Oh, depths of mercy! can it be

That gate was left ajar for me?

For me, for me, for me, for me,

Was left ajar for me?

- 2 That gate ajar stand free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation. *Ref.*
- 3 Press onward, then, though foes may
While mercy's gate is open, [frown,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token. *Ref.*
- 4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven. *Ref.*

No. 153.

- 1 There's a fullness in God's mercy,
Like the fullness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice
Which is more than liberty.
REF.—He is calling, "Come to me!"
Lord, I'll gladly haste to Thee.
- 2 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind. *Ref.*
- 3 Pining souls! come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us. *Ref.*
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word:
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord. *Ref.*

No. 154.

- 1 I often think of heathen lands,—
Far, far away!
Where high the pagan temple stands,—
Far, far away;
And there each hapless child is led
To bow to idol gods his head,
While many mutt'ring charms are said,
Far, far away!
- 2 O how I pity children there,—
Far, far away!
Although the clime be passing fair,—
Far, far away;
I would not leave my native home,
In fields of richest fruit to roam,
If there no gospel light should come,—
Far, far away!
- 3 But I will pray that God may send—
Far, far away!

- Glad tidings of my Saviour Friend—
Far, far away;
And every little I can spare
Shall help to send the Bible there,
And men of God the truth to bear
Far, far away!
- 4 And when the silver trumpet swells—
Far, far away!
And all the love of Jesus tells—
Far, far away;
The idols shall like Dagon fall,
And many a child on God shall call
And own my Jesus Lord of all,—
Far, far away!

No. 155.

- 1 When Life's Billows round me roll
And the tempest rage on high,
This will calm my troubled soul,
Anchor'd to the Rock am I.
CHO.—Anchor'd to the Rock,
Trusting only there,
Strong to stand the rudest shock,
While anchor'd there.
- 2 When temptation's floods arise,
With the fierce Accuser nigh,
Then my soul, in glad surprise,
Trusts the Rock triumphantly. *Cho.*
- 3 In this Trust I will abide,
For this Rock can never move;
Sweetly stayed tho' sways the tide,
Or the changing currents rove. *Cho.*
- 4 When the dark mist gathering o'er,
Blurs and dampens all my sky,
To this Rock I'll trust the more,
Till the latest fear shall fly. *Cho.*

No. 156.

- 1 Yield not to temptation,
For weakness is sin,
Each vict'ry will help us,
Some others to win.
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.
- REF.*—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep
He is willing to aid you, [you,
He will carry you through.
- 2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take in-vain.

Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. *Ref.*

- 3 To him that o'ercometh,
God giveth a crown,
Through faith we shall conquer.
Though often cast down.
He who is the Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through. *Ref.*

No. 157.

- 1 Come every soul by sin oppress'd,
There's mercy with the Lord :
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus now !
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you now.

- 2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow ;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow. *Cho.*

- 3 Yes, Jesus is the truth, the way
That leads you into rest ;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest. *Cho.*

- 4 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go ;
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow. *Cho.*

No. 158.

- 1 Toss'd upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O Lord, to know,
Thou did'st press a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe.
Never slumb'ring, never sleeping,
Tho' the night be dark and drear.
Thou the faithful watch art keeping,
"All, all's well," Thy constant cheer.

- 2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce tho' flash the lightning's red,
Darkly tho' the storm-clouds scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head ;
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still,
Hush the tempest's wild commotion,
At the bidding of Thy will.

- 3 Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
While to Thee I lift mine eye,
Thou wilt save me ere I perish,
Thou wilt hear the sailor's cry.
And though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage will soon be o'er.
Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,
Storm and tempest vex no more.

No. 159.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours ;
Work, while the dew is sparkling ;
Work, 'mid springing flowers ;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming ;
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor ;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more,

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies ;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more :
Work, while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

No. 160.

- 1 We praise Thee, O God ! for the Son
of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone
above.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory, Hal-
lelujah ! Amen.

Hallelujah ! Thine the glory Re-
vive us again.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God ! for Thy
Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and
scattered our night. *Cho.*

- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that
was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has
cleansed ever stain. *Cho.*

1 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,

Who has bought us, and sought us,
and guided our ways. *Cho.*

6 Revive us again, fill each heart with Thy love;

May each soul be rekindled with fire
from above. *Cho.*

No. 161.

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com-
Be at rest, be at rest!" [ing

CHO.—"In His feet and hands are wound-
prints,
And His side, and His side."

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?

"In His feet and hands are wound-
prints,
And His side, and His side."

3 Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?

"Yes, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns, but of thorns." *Cho.*

4 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?

"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past, Jordan past!" *Cho.*

5 Finding, following, keeping, strugg-
Is He sure to bless? [gling,

"Angels, martyrs, prophets, sages,
Answer, yes! answer, yes!" *Cho.*

No. 162.

1 The blood, the blood is all my plea,
Nor should a sinner wonder,
For guilty stain and stinging pain
Had torn my heart asunder!

CHO.—But now I'm bending at the cross,
Washing in the crimson tide,
And cleansed, I tarry at the foun-
tain,
Opened at my Saviour's side.

2 My cup, my cup it runneth o'er,
With joy celestial brimming;
On wings of love I soar above.

His hallelujahs hymning. *Cho.*

3 The blood, the blood is all my song,
I have no bliss without it;

From every stain it makes me clean,
My life and lip shall shout it. *Cho.*

No. 163.

1 There is a land, a beauteous land,
Where ransomed saints in glory stand;
And songs of rapture fill the air,

Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there?

REF.—Shall I be there, shall I be there,
And in those songs of rapture
share?

Shall I be there, shall I be there—
Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there?

2 Shall I those glories e'er behold,
Those pearly gates and streets of
gold?

A crown of glory shall I wear?

Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there? *Ref.*

3 That glorious land when shall I see?
Oh! is that blessed place for me?

Is there a crown for me to wear—
Shall I indeed, O Lord, be there? *Ref.*

4 Whene'er my wanderings here shall
Receive me into perfect peace; [cease,
And may Thy voice to me declare:
Oh! yes, my child, thou shalt be there!

REF.—I shall be there, I shall be there,
And in those songs of rapture
share;

I shall be there, I shall be there,
Thro' faith in God, I shall be there.

No. 164.

1 Heavenly Father, bless me now,
At the cross of Christ I bow;
Take my guilt and grief away,
Hear and heal me now, I pray.
Now, O Lord, this very hour,
Send Thy grace, and show Thy pow'r;
While I rest upon Thy word,
Come, and bless me now, O Lord.

2 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
While I look, and as I cry,
Touch and cleanse me, ere I die.
Never did I so adore
Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before:
Now the time! and this the place!
Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

3 Mercy now, O Lord, I plead,
In this hour of utter need;
Turn me not away unblest,
Calm my anguish into rest.
O Thou loving, blessed One,

Rising o'er me like the sun,
Light and life art Thou within—
Saviour, Thou, from every sin!

No. 165.

- 1 Far from home, yes, far from home,
In sin and rags I sadly roam;
No tender love or Father's care,
But fill'd with sorrow and despair.

CHO.—Come home! come home!
Prodigal child, come home!
Come home! come home!
Prodigal child, come home.

- 2 Far from home and far from God,
I feel the chastening of His rod,
In feeding here among the swine,
Refusing peace and love divine. *Cho.*

- 3 Far from home and far from Christ,
His love so free and without price;
While here in wretchedness I roam,
Far from God, and Christ, and home.

Cho.

- 4 Quick to the banquet house repair,
Thy Father stands to greet thee there;
Come, now, behold His smiling face,
He'll kiss thee with His pardoning
grace. *Cho.*

No. 166.

- 1 Is this the way, my Father?

Response—"Tis, my child;

Thou must pass through this tangled,
dreary wild, If thou would'st reach the
city undefiled,

||: Thy peaceful home above. :||

- 2 But enemies are round;

Response—Yes, child, I know,

That where thou least expect'st thou'll
find a foe; But victor shalt thou prove
o'er all below,

||: Only seek strength above. :||

- 3 My Father, it is dark;

Response—Child, take my hand,

Cling close to me, I'll lead thee through
the land; Trust my all-seeing care,
so shalt thou stand

||: Midst glory bright above. :||

- 4 My footsteps seems to slide,

Response—Child, only raise

Thine eyes to me, then in these slippery
ways I will hold up thy goings;
And thou shalt praise

||: Me for each step above. :||

- 5 O Father, I am weary!

Response—Child, lean thine head
Upon my breast; it was my love that
spread Thy rugged path; hope on,
Till I have said:

||: Rest, rest, forever rest. :||

No. 167.

FIRST COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt
have no other gods before me.

SECOND COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt
not make unto thee any graven image,
or any likeness of *anything* that *is* in
heaven above, or that *is* in the earth be-
neath, or that *is* in the water under the
earth: Thou shalt not bow down thy-
self to them, nor serve them; for I the
Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting
the iniquity of the fathers upon the
children unto the third and fourth *gen-
eration* of them that hate me; and show-
ing mercy unto thousands of them that
love me and keep my commandments.

THIRD COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt
not take the name of the Lord thy God
in vain; for the Lord will not hold him
guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

FOURTH COMMANDMENT.—Remember
the sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six
days shalt thou labor, and do all thy
work: But the seventh day *is* the sab-
bath of the Lord thy God; *in it* thou
shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy
son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant,
nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor
the stranger that *is* within thy gates:
For *in* six days the Lord made heaven
and earth, the sea, and all that in them
is, and rested the seventh day: where-
fore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day
and hallowed it.

FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—Honor thy
father and thy mother: that thy days
may be long upon the land which the
Lord thy God giveth thee.

SIXTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt
not kill.

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt
not commit adultery.

EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt
not steal.

NINTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt

not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

TENTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

No. 168.

- 1 We shall meet no more to sever,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the darkness will be over,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

CHO.—We shall meet no more to sever,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the darkness will be over,
By-and-by, by-and-by.

- 2 We shall see and be like Jesus
By-and-by, by-and-by;
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the angels who fulfil,
All the mandates of His will,
Shall attend and love us still.
By-and-by, by-and-by. *Cho.*

- 3 Then with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with crowns of dazzling bright-
By-and-by, by-and-by; [ness,
There our storms and perils passed.
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by. *Cho.*

No. 169.

- 1 Let me go where saints are going,
To the mansions of the blest;
Let me go where my Redeemer
Has prepared His people's rest;
I would gain the realms of bright-
ness,
Where they dwell for evermore;
I would join the friends that wait me,
Over on the other shore.

CHO.—Let me go! 'tis Jesus calls me;
Let me gain the realms of day!
Bear me over, angel pinions,
Longs my soul to be away.

- 2 Let me go! why should I tarry!
What has earth to keep me here?
What, but cares and toils and sorrows?
What, but death and pain and fear?
Let me go! for hopes most cherished
Blasted round me often lie;
Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die. *Cho.*

- 3 Let me go! there is a glory
That my soul hath longed to know:
I am thirsting for the waters
That from crystal fountains flow;
There is where the angels tarry;
There the saved forever throng;
There the brightness wearies never;
There I'll sing Redemption's song.
Cho.

No. 170.

- 1 I will sing you a song of that beauti-
ful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms ever beat on the
glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll,
While the years of eternity roll;
Where no storms ever beat on the
glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

- 2 There the great tree of life in its beau-
ty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city you
know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

- 3 That unchangeable home is for you
and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is
He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His
hands.

- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-
tiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with
harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

No. 171.

- 1 Joyfully, joyfully onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits
above:
Angelic choristers sing as I come,

Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I
 room,

Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

- 2 Death, with thy weapons of war lay
 me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the
 blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the
 tomb!

Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre
 be gone:

Joyfully, then, shall I witness his
 doom,

Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

No. 172.

- 1 I hear the Saviour say,
 Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
 Find in Me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus paid it all,
 All to Him I owe;
Sin hath left a crimson stain;
 He washed it white as snow.

- 2 Lord, now indeed I find
 Thy faith, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
 And melt the heart of stone. *Cho.*

- 3 For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
 In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. *Cho.*

- 4 When from my dying bed
 My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
 Shall rend the vaulted skies. *Cho.*

- 5 And when before the throne
 I stand, in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
 All down, at Jesus' feet. *Cho.*

No. 173.

- 1 The great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus,
He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer,
 Oh hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
 Oh! hear the voice of Jesus,
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
 And wear a crown with Jesus. *Cho.*

- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 I now believe in Jesus,
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
 I love the name of Jesus. *Cho.*

- 4 His name dispels my guilt—and fear—
 No other name but Jesus:
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
 The charming name of Jesus. *Cho.*

No. 174. From "Songs of Devotion."

- 1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
 Hear my humble cry:
While on others Thou art smiling,
 Do not pass me by.
CHO.—Saviour, Saviour,
 Hear my humble cry,
While on others thou art calling,
 Do not pass me by.

- 2 Let me at a throne of mercy
 Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
 Help my unbelief. *Cho.*
3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
 Would I seek Thy grace;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
 Save me by Thy grace. *Cho.*
4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
 More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
 Whom in heaven but Thee? *Cho.*

No. 175.

- 1 I am coming to the cross;
 I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
 I shall full salvation find.
CHO. I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
 Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at Thy cross I bow;
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
 Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
 I will cleanse you from all sin. *Cho.*
3 Here I give my all to Thee—
 Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be—
 Wholly Thine—forever more. *Cho.*

- 4 In the promises I trust;
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust;
I with Christ am crucified. *Cho.*
- 5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb. *Cho.*

No. 176.

- 1 Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine;
I long to reside where Thou art.
CHO.—My will to Thine own I resign,
And gladly forsake all for Thee;
Now, Saviour, I know I am Thine,
Dear Jesus, abide Thou with me.
- 2 The pasture I languish to find,
Where all, who their Shepherd obey,
Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
And screened from the heat of the day. *Cho.*
- 3 'Tis there, with the lambs of Thy
There only, I covet to rest; [flock,
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in Thy breast. *Cho.*
- 4 'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,—
Concealed in the cleft of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart. *Cho.*
- 5 Appear, and my wanderings shall
cease;
The blood of atonement apply;
And to Thyself lead me for peace,—
The Rock that is higher than I. *Cho.*
- 6 Oh, enter this desolate heart.—
Then rule o'er the heart Thou hast
won;
Nor again in Thine anger depart,
But make it forever Thy throne. *Cho.*

No. 177.

- 1 Often, as we travel onward,
T'ward the happy, better land,
Where our dear ones, gone before us,
Stretch to us a beckoning hand,
We grow weary with our trials,
And our bitter pain and loss,
And forget, in human weakness,
There's a crown above the cross.

- 2 Often we grow faint and weary
In the rough and rugged way,
That shall lead us over sorrows,
Nearer heavenward day by day;
And we sit down, weak and weary
Saying, Life is only loss;
Losing sight, in human blindness,
Of the crown above the cross.
- 3 Oh, be strong to do and suffer!
After labor cometh rest:
After pain and sorrow—gladness
To the weary, weary breast.
After earth, the peace of heaven,
And the life made free from dross;
After night the golden morning,
And the crown above the cross.

No. 178.

From "Charm."

- 1 "Almost persuaded," now to believe;
"Almost persuaded," Christ to receive,
Seems now some soul to say,
"Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
Some more convenient day
On Thee I'll call."
- 2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
"Almost persuaded," turn not away,
Jesus invites you here,
Angels are lingering near,
Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
O wanderer, come!
- 3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
"Almost" cannot avail;
"Almost" is but to fail!
Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
"Almost, but lost!"

No. 179.

- 1 There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day,
Oh, how they sweetly sing.
"Worthy is our Saviour King;"
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?

Oh, we shall happy be,
When, from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall dwell with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

- 3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye:
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We'll reign for aye.

No. 180.

- 1 To-day the Saviour calls,
Ye wand'ers, come;
Oh, ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?
2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
3 To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.
4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to His power:
Oh, grieve Him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 181.

- 1 Listen! the Master beseecheth,
Calling each one by his name;
His voice to each loving heart reacheth,
Its cheerfulest service to claim.
Go where the vineyard demandeth
Vinedressers' nurture and care;
Or go where the white harvest standeth,
The joy of the reaper to share.

CHO.—Then work, brothers, work! let
us slumber no longer,
For God's call to labour grows
stronger and stronger;
The light of this life shall be dark-
en'd full soon,
But the light of the better life
resteth at noon.

- 2 Seek those of evil behaviour,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go, point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish

Sooth'd by the pity of thine;
By wayside, if wounded ones languish,
Go pour in the oil and the wine. *Cho*
3 Work, though the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep—
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,
Press on your chivalrous way—
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are charter'd to slay. *Cho*.
4 Work for the good that is highest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest,
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, tho' the world would defeat you;
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the
morn. *Cho*.

- 5 Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song,
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there, in the rest which remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more. *Cho*

No. 182.

- 1 "For ever with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word:
'Tis Immortality,
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home;
Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.
2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints—
Jerusalem above;
Home above, home above,
Jerusalem above.
3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies:
Like Noah's dove, I flit between

Rough seas and stormy skies;
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The wind and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladdened
 Expands the bow of peace; [heart
 Bow of peace, bow of peace,
 Expands the bow of peace.

- 4 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain:
 Knowing as I am known,
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord;"
 With the Lord, with the Lord,
 "Forever with the Lord."

No. 183.

- 1 Since God, in whom we live and move,
 By sovereign right demands our love,
 Oh, let our Sabbath worship rise
 Like incense wafted to the skies.

CHORUS.

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace:
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above:
 Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
 Mount of thy redeeming love!

- 2 In social circles, when we meet
 Around the Christian's mercy-seat,
 Oh, then, with feelings deep and
 strong,
 We join as one the choral song:—

CHORUS.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of
 prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne,
 Make all my wants and wishes known.

- 3 From happy children, when they meet
 In Sabbath school, their dear retreat,
 May congregations learn to raise,
 H. tones like theirs, their grateful
 praise:

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river;
 Gather with the saints at the river,
 That flows by the throne of God.

No. 184.

- 1 On the cross where Christ hung bleed-
 ing,
 Streams of love forever flow;
 Through the Saviour's interceding,
 We that blessed stream may know
 Oh, my heart be filled completely,
 And in grateful love rejoice!
 Jesus speaks so gently, sweetly,
 Listen to His lovely voice.

CHORUS.

Drink, and you'll be thirsty never,
 Drink, and you shall live forever;
 Drink, O drink! drink, O drink! drink,
 O drink! drink, O drink! drink,
 O drink! drink of the water of life.

- 2 Though our way is often dreary,
 And in gloom the sky is clad:
 Tho' the steps grow faint and weary,
 And the heart is sick and sad;
 There's a well of living pleasure,
 Every night and morning too,
 Flowing in exhaustless measure,
 Ever blessing, ever new. *Cho.*

- 3 We may ever have that fountain,
 Welling with exhaustless flow,
 In the valley, on the mountain,
 Wheresoe'er our steps may go.
 As we drink, a holy beauty
 Fills our souls, so washed and blest,
 And our hands grow strong for duty,
 And our weary hearts find rest.

Cho.

No. 185.

- 1 Disciples of Jesus, why stand ye here
 idle?

Go work in His vineyard, He calls you
 to-day;

The night is approaching, when no man
 can labor,

Our Master commands us, and shall
 we delay?

CHO.—The field is the world! The field
 is the world!

Look up, for the harvest is near;
 When the reapers from glory will shout
 as they come,
 And the Lord of the harvest appear.

- 2 Our field is the world, and our work
 is before us,
 To each is appointed a message to bear
 At home or abroad, in the cottage or
 palace,

Wherever directed, our mission is there. *Cho.*

3 Perhaps we are called from the high-ways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;

If this be our duty, then why should we falter,

We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest. *Cho.*

4 O'er islands that sleep in the wave-crested ocean,
We'll scatter the truth, and its truth it shall bear;

O'er ice-covered regions, and rock-girded mountains,

The Lord will protect, as His children are there. *Cho.*

5 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;

The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;

The palm tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches:

The lamb and the lion together repose. *Cho.*

No. 186.

Solo.

1 Where do you journey, my brother,
Oh, where do you journey, I pray?

Where do you journey, my sister?

For stormy and dark is the way.

Duet. We're journeying on to Canaan,
Thro' suffering, and trial, and care,

And when we get safely to glory,

Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

CHO.—Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

And when we get safely to glory,

Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

Solo.

2 What is your mission, my brother,
What is your mission below?

What is your mission, my sister,

As journeying onward we go?

Duet. Our mission is practising mercy,
Sweet charity, patience, and love,

And following the footsteps of Jesus,

That lead to the mansions above.

Solo.

Cho.

3 Oh, yes! you will meet us, my brother,
God helping our weakness and sin;

Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
The crown will endeavor to win.

Duet. We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,

Thro' sufferings, and trials, and care,
And when you get safely to glory,

You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there! *Cho.*

No. 187.

1 I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill,
For the Saviour whispers, "Love me;"

Tho' all beneath is dark as death,

Yet the stars are bright above me.

Then upward still, to Zion's hill,

To the land of joy and beauty,

My path before shines more and more,
As it nears the golden city.

CHO.—I'm climbing up Zion's hill,

I'm climbing up Zion's hill,

Climbing, climbing,

Climbing up Zion's hill.

2 I know I'm but a little child,

My strength will not protect me;

But then I am the Saviour's Lamb,

And He will not neglect me.

Then all the time I'll try to climb

This holy hill of Zion,

For I am sure the way is pure,

And on it comes "no lion." *Cho.*

3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together;

And as we walk we'll sweetly talk,

And sing as we go thither.

Then mount up still God's holy hill,

Till we reach the pearly portals,

Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs

Of the shining-robed immortals.

Cho.

No. 188.

1 We shall sleep, but not forever,
There will be a glorious dawn!

We shall meet to part, no, never!

On the resurrection morn!

From the deepest caves of ocean,

From the desert and the plain,

From the valley and the mountain,

Countless throngs shall rise again.

CHO.—We shall sleep, but not for ever,

There will be a glorious dawn;

We shall meet to part, no, never

On the resurrection morn!

2 When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so. *Cho.*

3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In the bright, eternal city
Death, can never, never come!
In His own good time He'll call us
From our rest to Home, sweet Home. *Cho.*

No. 189.

1 Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff;
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way.

Cho.—Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
Then scatter seeds of kindness,
For our reaping by-and-by.

2 Strange, we never prize the music
Till the sweet-voiced bird has flown!
Strange, that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone!
Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake the white down in the air! *Cho.*

3 If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again—
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow?
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now? *Cho.*

4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and action
Strewn along our backward track!
How those little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
For our reaping by-and-by! *Cho.*

No. 190.

1 I'm working for the Master—
O glorious work divine!
Through grace I'll labour in the field
While breath and life are mine;
I'm working for the Master,
And this my boast shall be:
The consecrated cross of Him,
Who bled and died for me.
Cho.—Dear Saviour, hear my earnest
Descend in power and might; [pray'r,
Make this the temple of Thy love,
And bless our souls to-night.

2 If strains like mine so simple,
Can reach Thy gracious ear,
Oh, grant the Christian hope they breathe
Some careless soul may hear;
If I am counted worthy,
To sing these songs for Thee,
The least among Thy children, Lord,
I am content to be.

Cho.—Dear Saviour, hear my earnest
Descend in power and might, [pray'r,
Oh, turn some wanderer to Thy fold,
Convert one soul to-night.

3 Thy Name, O precious Jesus,
My constant theme below;
Thy love that crowns the angels' song,
I'll sing where'er I go;
While on my journey homeward,
My greatest joy shall be
To labour in the vineyard here,
And gather souls for Thee.
Cho.—Dear Saviour, hear my earnest
Descend in power and might, [pray'r,
Convert some thoughtless sinner now,
Seal Thine one soul to-night.

No. 191.

1 I have entered the valley of blessing
so sweet,
And Jesus abides with me there;
And His Spirit and blood make my
cleansing complete,
And His perfect love casteth our
fear.

CHORUS.

Oh, come to this valley of blessing so
sweet,
Where Jesus will fullness bestow—
And believe, and receive, and confess
Him,
That all His salvation may know.

2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary-worn
traveller's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

Cho.

3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed
may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed
spirits to greet,
And Christ sets His covenant seal.

Cho.

4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow
at His feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that
was slain!" *Cho.*

No. 192.

1 I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate,
With trembling hope and fear,
I've waited long, and still I wait,
Thy gracious voice to hear.
Thy precious word has bid me seek
The joys Thou hast in store;
Wilt Thou, O Lord, in mercy speak,
I'm kneeling at the door.
Cho.—I'm kneeling at the door,
Kneeling at the door;
Wilt Thou, O Lord, in mercy speak,
I'm kneeling at the door.

2 None ever empty turned away,
Who truly sought Thy face:
And I, my Saviour, come to-day,
To seek Thy pardoning grace.
Thy precious Blood is all my plea:
This can my soul restore:
Wilt Thou in mercy speak to me,
I'm kneeling at the door. *Cho.*

3 And when the ransomed millions
On Zion's flowery hill [stand
With palms of victory in their hand,
Waiting their Master's will;
Oh, may I bear the living green,
And that dear Name adore,
Whose love the sinner did redeem,
While kneeling at the door. *Cho.*

No. 193.

From "Fresh Laurels."

1 Jesus the water of life will give
Freely, freely, freely,
Jesus the water of life will give
Freely to those who love Him;
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and
Freely, freely, freely, [live,
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and
live,
Flowing for those that love Him.

CHORUS.

The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
Freely, freely, freely;
And he that is thirsty, let him come,
And drink of the water of life.
The fountain of life is flowing,
Flowing, freely flowing;
The fountain of life is flowing,
Is flowing for you and for me.

2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
Freely to those that love Him.
Treasures unfading will there be
Freely, freely, freely; [given
Treasures unfading will there be given
Freely to those that love Him. *Cho.*

3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised a robe of white,
Freely to those that love Him;
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of
Freely, freely, freely; [light
Kingdoms of glory and crowns of
light
Freely to those that love Him. *Cho.*

4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus has promised eternal day
Freely to those that love Him;
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely, freely, freely;
Pleasure that never shall pass away,
Freely to those that love Him. *Cho.*

No. 194.

1 Long my spirit pined in sorrow,
Watching, waiting all in vain;
Waiting for a golden morrow,
Free from earthly care and pain.
When I heard a sweet voice saying,
In the accents of a friend,
"Cheer up, brother, 'keep on praying,'
Keep on praying to the end."

CHO.—When our wayward thoughts are straying,
When God's mercy seems delaying,
Then in faith we'll keep on praying,
Keep on praying,
Keep on praying to the end.

2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win. [ures
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at His feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story
Till your joys are all complete. *Cho.*

3 How the angel-band rejoices,
When a kneeling mortal prays;
Hear them cry in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying," all your days:
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day,
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away. *Cho.*

No. 195.

1 Oh, if my house is built upon a rock,
I know it will stand for ever;
The floods may come, and the rolling
thunder's shock
May beat upon my house that is
founded on a rock,
But it never will fall, never will fall,
never, never, never!

CHO.—My rock is firm, it is my sure
foundation,

'Tis Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,
Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,
The Rock of my salvation,
The Rock of my salvation.

2 Oh, if my house is built upon the sand,
'Twill fall when the floods are
swelling:

The winds will blow, and the tempest
will descend,

And beat upon my house that is
built upon the sand,

And it surely will fall, never to rise,
never, never, never! *Cho.*

3 Then let my house be built upon a rock,
For there it will stand for ever;

The floods may come, and the rolling
thunder's shock

May beat upon my house that is
founded on a rock,

But it never will fall, never will fall,
never, never, never! *Cho.*

No. 196.

1 Tell me the old, old story
Of unseen things above.
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.

CHO.—Tell me the old, old story.

It will my spirit move;
Oh, tell me the old, old story
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon!
The "early dew" of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Oh yes, when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"

Cho.

No. 197.

1 Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of death is faded
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heav'n are breaking
Thro' the twilight soft and gray.

CHO.—I am waiting, only waiting
For the summons to the grave;
And I'm trusting, solely trusting
In almighty pow'r to save.

2 Only waiting till the reapers
Have their last sheaf gather'd home;
For the summer time is ended,
And the autumn winds have come;
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is wither'd,
And I hasten to depart. *Cho.*

3 Only waiting till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,

At whose feet I long have linger'd,
 Weary, poor, and desolate ;
 Even now I hear thy footsteps,
 And their voices far away,
 If they call me, I am waiting,
 Only waiting to obey. *Cho.*

- 4 Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown ;
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown ;
 Then from out the gathering darkness,
 Holy, deathless stars will rise,
 By whose light my soul will gladly
 Wing its passage to the skies. *Cho.*

No. 198.

- 1 When I can read my title clear,
 To mansions in the skies,
 I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes,
CHO.--We will stand the storm,
 It will not be very long ;
 We will anchor by-and-by,
 2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 Let storms of sorrow fall—
 So I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all. *Cho.*
 3 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast. *Cho.*

No. 199.

- 1 Blessed Bible! how I love it!
 How it doth my bosom cheer!
 What on earth like this to covet?
 Oh, what stores of wealth are here!
 Man was lost, and doomed to sorrow,
 Not one ray of light or bliss
 Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
 Till his way was cheered by this.
 ||: Blessed Bible! Blessed Bible!
 How thou dost my spirit cheer.:||
 2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
 Precious word, I'll hide thee here,
 Sure my very heart will bless thee,
 For thou ever say'st "good cheer!"
 Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond-
 Tell how far thy roving led, [rings,
 When this book brought back thy wand-
 d'rings,
 Speaking life as from the dead.
 Blessed Bible! &c.

- 3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
 Deep—yes, deeper in this heart:
 Thou through all my life will guide me,
 And in death we will not part.
 Part in death? no, never! never!
 Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee;
 Then in world's above, for ever,
 Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
 Blessed Bible! &c.

No. 200.

- 1 When we hear the music ringing
 In the bright celestial dome,
 When sweet angel voices singing
 Gladly bid us welcome home,
 To the land of ancient story,
 Where the spirit knows no care,
 In that land of light and glory,
 Shall we know each other there?
CHO.--Shall we know each other?
 Shall we know each other?
 Shall we know each other?
 Shall we know each other there?
 2 When the holy angels meet us,
 As we go to join their band,
 Shall we know the friends that greet us
 In the glorious spirit land?
 Shall we see the same eyes shining
 On us, as in days of yore?
 Shall we feel their dear arms twining
 Fondly round us, as before? *Cho.*
 3 Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
 And my weary heart grows light,
 For the thrilling angel voices
 And the angel faces bright,
 That shall welcome us in heaven
 Are the loved of long ago,
 And to them 'tis kindly given
 Thus their mortal friends to know. *Cho.*
 4 Oh! ye weary, sad and tossed ones,
 Droop not, faint not by the way;
 Ye shall join the loved and just ones
 In the land of perfect day!
 Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
 Murmured in my raptured ear,
 Evermore their sweet song lingers
 "We shall know each other there."
Cho
No. 201.
 1 We've listed in a holy war,
 Battling for the Lord!
 Eternal life, eternal joy,
 Battling for the Lord!

CHO.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And then we'll rest at home.

2 Under our captain Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord! *Cho.*

3 We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favor of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord! *Cho.*

4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
Battling for the Lord! *Cho.*

5 Our friends and kindred there we'll
On the heavenly shore! [meet,
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore! *Cho.*

No. 202.

1 Dear Jesus, I long to be perfectly
whole;
I want Thee forever to live in my soul:
Break down every idol, cast out every
foe;

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, yes, whiter
than snow;

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow.

2 Dear Jesus, let nothing unholy re-
main;

Apply Thine own blood, and extract ev-
ery stain;

To get this blest washing, I all things
forego;

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow. *Cho.*

3 Dear Jesus, come down from Thy
throne in the skies,

And help me to make a complete sacri-
fice;

I give up myself, and whatever I know,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow. *Cho.*

4 Dear Jesus, Thou see'st I patiently
wait;

Come now, and within me, a new heart
create;

To those who have sought Thee, Thou
never saidst no,—

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow. *Cho.*

5 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly
entreat;

I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified
feet,

By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy
blood flow—

Now wash me, and I shall be whiter
than snow. *Cho.*

6 The blessing, by faith, I receive from
above;

O glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this mo-
ment I know

The blood is applied, I am whiter than
snow.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than
snow,

Dear Jesus, Thy blood makes me
whiter than snow.

No. 203.

1 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

You have thought of some useful labor.
But what is the end in view?

You are fresh from the home of your
boyhood,

And just in the bloom of youth!

Have you tasted the sparkling water
That flows from the fount of truth!

CHORUS.

Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping?

Remember, He died for you!

Then what are you going to do, brother?

Say, what are you going to do?

2 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

The morning of youth is past;

The vigor and strength of manhood,

My brother, are yours at last.

You are rising in worldly prospects,

And prospered in worldly things;—

A duty to those less favored,

The smile of your fortune brings.

CHORUS.

Go, prove that your heart is grateful—

The Lord has a work for you!

Then what are you going to do, brother?

Say, what are you going to do?

3 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

Your sun at its noon is high;

It shines in meridian splendor,
And rides through a cloudless sky.
You are holding a high position,
Of honor, of trust, and fame;—
Are you not willing to give the glory
And praise to your Saviour's Name?
CHORUS.

The regions that sit in darkness
Are stretching their hands to you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

4 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The twilight approaches now;—
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow.
Your talents, your time, your riches,
To Jesus, your Master, give;
Then ask if the world around you
Is better because you live.
CHORUS.

You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
But still there is work for you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

No. 204.

1 I am now a child of God,
For I'm washed in Jesus' blood;
I am watching and I'm longing while I
wait.

Soon on wings of love to fly,
To my home beyond the sky,
To my welcome, as I'm sweeping thro'
the gates.

REF.—In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Washed from every stain I am;
Robed in whiteness, clad in brightness,
I am sweeping through the gates.

2 Oh! the blessed Lord of light,
I have loved Him with my might:
Now His arms enfold, and comfort while
I wait.

I am leaning on His breast,
Oh! the sweetness of His rest,
And I'm thinking of my sweeping thro'
the gates. *Ref.*

3 I am sweeping towards the gate,
Where the blessed for me wait:
Where the weary workers rest for ever-
more.

Where the strife of earth is done,
And the crown of life is won,
Oh! I'm thinking of the city while I
soar. *Ref.*

4 Burst are all my prison bars,
And I soar beyond the stars;
To my Father's house, the bright and
blest estate.
Lo! the morn eternal breaks,
And the song immortal wakes,
Robed in whiteness, I am sweeping
through the gates. *Ref*

No. 205.

1 There's a light in the window for
thee, brother,
There's a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansions
above,

There's a light in the window for thee.
CHO.—A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee;
A mansion in heaven we see,
And a light in the window for thee.

2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a
palm, brother,
When from toil and care you are free;
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a
home,
With a light in the window for thee.

Cho
3 Oh, watch, and be faithful, and pray
brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled
sea,

Tho' afflictions assail you, and storms
beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.
Cho.

4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels now beckon you over the
stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.
Cho

No. 206.

1 I love to tell the story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the story,
Because I know it's true,
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

CHO.—I love to tell the story,
'Twill be my theme in glory
To tell the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the story :

More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story :
It did so much for me !
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee. *Cho.*

3 I love to tell the story :

'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story :
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word. *Cho.*

4 I love to tell the story :

For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I'll sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long. *Cho.*

No. 207.

1 Go, and tell Jesus, weary, sin-sick soul,
He'll ease thee of thy burden, make
thee whole ;

Look up to Him, He only can forgive,
Believe on Him and thou shalt surely
live.

CHO.—Go, and tell Jesus, He only can
forgive ;

Go, and tell Jesus, O turn to Him and
live ;

Go, and tell Jesus, Go, and tell Jesus,
Go, and tell Jesus, He only can forgive.

2 Go, and tell Jesus, when your sins
arise,

Like mountains of deep guilt before
your eyes :

His blood was spilt, His precious life
He gave,

That mercy, peace, and pardon you
might have. *Cho.*

3 Go, and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy
fears,

Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away
thy tears ;

He'll take thee in His arm, and on His
breast,

Thou may'st be happy, and for ever
rest.

No. 208.

1 O, think of a home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white,

Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

2 O, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Over there, over there,
O, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there, [rest ;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see ;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.

Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

No. 209.

1 Lo! our fathers' God is with us !
We can trace His mighty hand,

In our churches, vast in number,
Wide extending o'er our land.

Let our full united chorus

Ever onward roll along,

And the year of time be vocal

With our loud, ecstatic song.

CHO.—Marching along we are marching
along :

Rising and progressing, we are march-
ing along ;

Our hearts are united, and this be our
song :

Our fathers' God is with us while
we're marching along.

2 Lo! our fathers' God is with us !
Lost in wonder, we adore

Him who brought them safely hither
With the Gospel to our shore.

Fired with zeal, and armed with courage,
Strong in faith and love divine.

Thro' the darkest cloud that gathered
They could see His glory shine. *Cho*

3 Lo! our fathers' God is with us!
 They have laid their armour down,
 They have passed the vale of shadow,
 Left the cross to wear a crown:
 We must bear their glorious standard,
 Wield our veteran fathers' sword,
 In the army of the faithful
 We are battling for the Lord. *Cho.*

4 Lo! our fathers' God is with us!
 Sing aloud with heart and voice,
 Still increasing and progressing,
 Brethren, let us all rejoice!
 Hallelujah! what a meeting,
 When we reach the shining shore,
 There with saints who've gone before us,
 Shout "Free grace" for evermore!
Cho.

No. 210.

1 Say ye not, O Christian reaper,
 That the earth no harvest yields:
 Look abroad! yes, all around you,
 See the waiting harvest fields!
CHO.—Look abroad! yes, all around you,
 See the waiting harvest-fields!
 Say ye not, O Christian reaper,
 That the earth no harvest yields.

2 Weak in flesh, but strong in spirit,
 Wield the trusty sickle's blade;
 Have no fear of Satan's reapers,
 Tho' in pomp they be arrayed. *Cho.*

3 Multitudes of youth and children,
 Scattered through this world of sin;
 Multitudes of men and women,
 Christ will give you grace to win. *Cho.*

4 Very soon the autumn cometh,
 And the summer will be o'er,
 Then, among the ripened harvests
 You will find your work no more. *Cho.*

5 But if you in faith have labored,
 Gathering all the sheaves of grain,
 You in joy will meet the Master,
 When at last he comes again! *Cho.*

No. 211.

1 We sing of the realms of the blest,
 That country so bright and so fair,
 And oft are its glories confessed,—
 But what must it be to be there?

CHO.—But what, but what.
 But what must it be to be there?
 And oft are its glories confessed,—
 But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its service of love,
 Of robes which the glorified wear—
 The church of the first-born above,
 But what must it be to be there?
Cho.

3 Do Thou, Lord, 'midst pleasure or woe,
 For heaven our spirits prepare;
 And shortly we also shall know,
 And feel what it is to be there. *Cho.*

No. 212.

1 I am so glad that our Father in heaven,
 Tells of His love in the Book He has
 given;

Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
 This is the dearest, that Jesus loves me.
CHO.—I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me,
 I am so glad that Jesus loves me,
 Jesus loves even me.

2 Tho' I forget Him and wander away,
 Kindly He follows wherever I stray;
 Back to His dear loving arms would I
 flee,
 When I remember that Jesus loves me.
Cho.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
 When in His beauty I see the great King,
 This shall my song in eternity be,
 Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.
Cho.

No. 213.

1 Brother, you may work for Jesus,
 God has given you a place
 In some portion of His vineyard,
 And will give sustaining grace.
 He has bidden you "Go labor,"
 And has promised a reward,
 Even joy and life eternal
 In the kingdom of your Lord,
 In the kingdom of your Lord.

2 Brother, you may pray for Jesus,
 In your closet, and at home,
 In the village, in the city.
 Or wherever you may roam.
 Pray that God may send the Spirit
 Into some dear sinner's heart,
 And that in his soul's salvation
 You may bear some humble part.

3 Brother, you may "sing for Jesus,"
 Oh how precious is His love!
 Praise Him for His boundless bless-
 ings
 Ever coming from above. *jungs*

Sing how Jesus died to save you,
How your sin and guilt He bore;
How His blood hath sealed your part—
"Sing for Jesus" evermore. [don:

- 4 Brother, you may live for Jesus,
Him who died that you might live;
Oh then all your ransomed powers
Cheerful to His service give.
Thus for Jesus you may labor,
And for Jesus sing and pray;
Consecrate your life to Jesus—
Love and serve Him every day.

No. 214.

- 1 'Twas Jesus, my Saviour, who died on
the tree,
To open a fountain for sinners like me:
His blood is that fountain which pardon
bestows,
And cleanses the foulest wherever it
flows.
CHO.—For the Lion of Judah shall break
every chain,
And give us the vict'ry again and again.
2 And when I was willing with all things
to part,
He gave me my bounty, His love in my
heart;
So now I am joined with the conquering
band,
Who are marching to glory at Jesus'
command. *Cho.*
3 And when with the ransomed by Je-
sus, my head,
From fountain to fountain, I then shall
be led:
I'll fall at His feet and His mercy adore,
And sing of the blood of the cross ever
more. *Cho.*

No. 215.

- 1 Oh, hast thou ne'er heard of the beau-
tiful stream,
That flows through our Father's land?
Its waters are bright in the heavenly
And ripple o'er golden sand. [light,
CHO.—Seek now that beautiful stream,
Seek now that beautiful stream,
Its waters so free, are flowing for thee,
Oh, seek then that beautiful stream.
2 Its virtues endure, and its waters, so
pure,
Are sweet to the weary soul;

It flows from the throne of Jehova's
alone!
Come, drink where its bright waves
roll. *Cho.*

- 3 This beautiful stream "is the river of
of life,"
It flows for all nations free:
A balm for each wound in its waters is
found;
Oh, sinner, it flows for thee. *Cho.*
4 Oh, wilt thou not drink of this beau-
tiful stream,
And dwell on its peaceful shore?
The Spirit says, "Come all ye weary
ones home,
And wander in sin no more. *Cho.*

No. 216.

- 1 Trav'ler, whither art thou going,
Heedless of the clouds that form?
Nought to me the winds rough blowing,
Mine's a land without a storm.
CHO.—And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storms,
'And I'm going, yes, I'm going
To that land that has no storms.
2 Trav'ler, art thou here a stranger,
Not to fear the tempest's power?
I have not a thought of danger,
Tho' the sky may darkly lower. *Cho.*
3 Trav'ler, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er.
No! I see a beckoning finger,
Guiding to a far off shore. *Cho.*
4 Trav'ler, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form.
Yes, but I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm. *Cho.*

No. 217.

- 1 O Christian, awake! for the strife is at
hand
With helmet and shield, and a sword in
thy hand;
To meet the bold tempter, go, fearlessly
go,
And stand like the brave, with thy face
to the foe.
CHO.—Stand like the brave, stand like
the brave,
Stand like the brave, with thy face to the
foe.

2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and
beware,
And turn not thy back, for no armor is
there;
The legions of darkness, if thou would'st
o'erthrow,
Then stand like the brave, with thy
face to the foe. *Cho.*

3 The cause of thy Master with vigor
defend,
Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to
the end;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly
go,
And stand like the brave, with thy face
to the foe. *Cho.*

4 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain
is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort
to cheer;
His love, like a stream, in the desert
will flow,
Then stand like the brave, with thy
face to the foe. *Cho.*

No. 218.

1 Sometimes I catch sweet glimpses of
His face,
But that is all;
Sometimes He speaks a pass word of
peace,
But that is all.
Sometimes I think I hear His loving
voice
||: Upon me call. :||

2 And is this all He meant when thus
He spoke,
"Come unto me?"
Is there no deeper, more enduring rest
In Him for thee?
Is there no steadier light for thee in
Him?
||: Oh! come, and see! :||

3 Oh, come and see! oh, look, and look
again!
All shall be right;
Oh, taste His love, and see that it is
good,
Thou child of night!
Oh, trust thou, trust thou in His grace
and power,
||: Then all is bright. :||

4 Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy
thoughts,

But love His love;
Do thou full justice to His tenderness,
His mercy prove;
Take Him for what He is: oh, take Him
all,
||: And look above. :||

No. 219.

1 There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar;
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

Cho.—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more,
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

Cho.

3 To our bountiful Father above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our
days! *Cho.*

4 We shall rest on that beautiful shore,
In the joys of the saved we shall share;
All our pilgrimage toil will be o'er,
And the conqueror's crown we shall
wear. *Cho.*

5 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall
reign,
In the land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

Cho.

No. 220.

1 Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Oh, how I love Jesus,
Because He first loved me!

2 How can I forget Thee,
How can I forget Thee,
How can I forget Thee,
Dear Lord, remember me.

No. 221.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim.—
To spread, thro' all the earth abroad
The honours of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our
That bids our sorrows cease:[fears,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye
dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

No. 222.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!
Let angels prostrate fall:
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 223.

- 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand were their
And all their joys are one. [tongues,
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that ^{was} slain," they
"To be exalted thus:" [cry,
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever Thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

No. 224.

- 1 Once more we come before our God:
Once more His blessing ask:

- 0 may not duty seem a load,
Nor worship prove a task
- 2 Father, Thy quick'ning Spirit send
From heaven, in Jesus' name,
And bid our waiting minds attend,
And put our souls in frame.
- 3 May we receive the word we hear,
Each in an honest heart;
And keep the precious treasure there,
And never with it part.

No. 225.

- 1 Oh, could I find from day to day
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on His word.
- 2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give
Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly Thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve Thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore:
And when my frame dissolves in death
My soul shall love Thee more.

No. 226.

- 1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side,
This all my hope, and all my plea,—
For me the Saviour died.
- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus Thine
Wash me, and mine thou art; [own:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,—
My hands, my head, my heart.

No. 227.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

- 3 **L** vain we tune our formal songs,—
 L vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

No. 228.

- 1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow;
 His head with radiant glories crown'd,
 His lips with grace o'erflow,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with Him compare,
 Among the sons of men;
 Fairer is He than all the fair
 That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief;
 For me He bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
- 4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have;
 He makes me triumph over death,
 He saves me from the grave.

No. 229.

- 1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
 Which God has called His own;
 With joy the summons we obey,
 To worship at His throne.
- 2 Thy chosen temple, Lord, how fair!
 As here Thy servants throng
 To breathe the humble, fervent pray—
 And pour the grateful song. [er,
- 3 Spirit of grace! O deign to dwell
 Within Thy Church below;
 Make her in holiness excel,
 With pure devotion glow.

No. 230.

- 1 Sinners, the voice of God regard;
 'Tis mercy speaks to-day;
 He calls us by His sacred word
 From sin's destructive way.
- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest
 You live, devoid of peace;
 A thousand stings within your breast
 Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell
 Why will you persevere!

- Can you in endless torments dwell,
 Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
 Of sin and folly go!
 In pain you travel all your days,
 To reach eternal woe.

No. 231.

- 1 Jerusalem! my happy home!
 Name ever dear to me!
 When shall my labours have an end,
 In joy, and peace in Thee?
- 2 Why should I shrink at pain and woe!
 Or feel, at death, dismay?
 I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
 And realms of endless day.
- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
 Around my Saviour stand;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Will join the glorious band.

No. 232.

- 1 Oh, what amazing words of grace
 Are in the Gospel found!
 Suited to every sinner's case,
 Who knows the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls,
 Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come, then, with all your wants and
 Your every burden bring: [wounds;
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
 A deep, celestial Spring.
- 4 Whoever will—O gracious word!—
 May of this stream partake;
 Come, ~~un~~sty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink, for Jesus' sake.

No. 233.

- 1 Remember thy Creator now,
 In these thy youthful days;
 He will accept thy earliest vow,
 And listen to thy praise.
- 2 Remember thy Creator now,
 And seek Him while He's near,
 For evil days will come, when thou
 Shalt find no comfort near.
- 3 Remember thy Creator now;
 His willing servant be;
 Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
 He will remember thee.

4 Almighty God! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear;
Let all our future days be Thine,
Devoted to Thy fear.

No. 234.

1 When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains,
And long to fly away;—
2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of His love:
Sweet to look upward, to the place
Where Jesus pleads above;
3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

No. 235.

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppress'd,
And make this last resolve:
2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone
Without His sov'reign grace.
4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray
And perish only there.
5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die.

No. 236.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing,
And heaven and nature sing, [sing.
And heaven, and heaven and nature
2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy, [plains,
Repeat the sounding joy,
Repeat, repeat the sounding joy.

No. 237.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

No. 238.

1 Father, I stretch my hand to Thee;
No other help I know,
If Thou withdraw Thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?
CHO.—I will believe, I do believe,
That Jesus died for me;
And thro' His blood, His precious blood
I shall from sin be free.
2 What did Thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death! Cho.
3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy power;
And all my wants Thou would'st re-
lieve,
In this accepted hour. Cho.
4 Author of faith! to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies. Cho.

No. 239.

1 Bright was the guiding star that led.
With mild, benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
2 But lo! the Scriptures' clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines thro' sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.
3 O let us tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
And thus escape the coming wrath,
And reign with Him in heaven.

No. 240.

1 How sad our state by nature is;
Our sin, how deep its stains;
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from the sacred word :—
Ho ! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief ;
I would believe Thy promise, Lord ;
Oh, help my unbelief !

4 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

No. 241.

1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause ;
Maintain the honour of His word,—
The glory of His Cross,

2 Jesus, my God !—I know His Name ;
His Name is all my trust ;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as His throne His promise stands,
And He can well secure
What I've committed to His hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will He own my worthless name
Before His Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

No. 242.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made :
O earth, rejoice and sing ;
Let songs of triumph hail the morn ;
Hosanna to our King !

2 The stone the builders set at naught,
That stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the strength
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

3 Christ is that stone, rejected once,
And numbered with the slain ;
Now raised in glory, o'er His Church
Eternally doth reign.

No. 243.

1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No : there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here :

But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set us free,
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me !

No. 244.

1 Come, let us join with one accord
In hymns around the throne ;
This is the day our rising Lord
Hath made and called His own.

2 This is the day which God hath blest
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.

No. 245

1 And did the Holy and the Just,—
The Sovereign of the skies,—
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust
That guilty man might rise ?

2 Yes, the Redeemer left His throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy ! love unknown !—
To suffer, bleed, and die.

3 To dwell with mis'ry here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffered in his stead ;
For sinful man—O wondrous grace !—
For sinful man He bled.

No. 246.

1 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear ;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build
My shield and hiding place ;
My never-failing treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

No. 247.

- 1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.
- 2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear,—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.
- 3 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

No. 248.

- 1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though press'd by ev'ry foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;—
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and
When tempests rage without; [clear
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.

No. 249.

- 1 What glory gilds the sacred page
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 Lord! everlasting thanks be Thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 3 Our souls rejoicingly pursue
The steps of Him we love,
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

No. 250.

- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

No. 251.

- 1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite, heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—
- 4 A heart in every thought renew'd
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

No. 252.

- 1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by His grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live:
Come to His cross, and grateful, learn
How freely He'll forgive.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe the falling tear:
Thy Father calls,—no longer mourn;
'Tis love invites thee near.

No. 253.

- 1 I love to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,

And all His promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think of mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

No. 254.

1 Hail, sacred truth! whose piercing
Dispels the shades of night [rays
Diffusing o'er a ruined world
The healing beams of light.

2 Thy word, O Lord, with friendly aid,
Restores our wand'ring feet;
Converts the sorrows of the mind
To joys divinely sweet.

3 O send Thy light and truth abroad,
In all their radiant blaze;
And bid th'admiring world adore
The glories of Thy grace.

No. 255.

1 Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

2 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

3 But, oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call Thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.

4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to Thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.

No. 256.

1 By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the
Of Sharon's dewy rose! [hill,

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence
Is upward drawn to God. [sweet,

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's
And stormy passion's rage. [power,

No. 257.

1 O for an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours, —
To triumph o'er approaching death,
And all his frightful powers.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,—
Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?

3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power,
But Christ, my ransom, died,

No. 258.

1 In mercy, Lord, remember me,
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of Thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes
Since Thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in Thy love.

3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to Thy promised rest,
Where I may sing Thy praise.

No. 259.

1 How precious is the Book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
And life, and light, and joy imparts,
And banishes our fears.

3 This lamp, thro' all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

No. 260.

- 1 See, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.
- 2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.
- 3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful
And yield them up to Thee: [hands,
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock! with pleasure hear,—
Ye children! seek His face;
And fly, with transports, to receive
The blessings of His grace.

No. 261.

- 1 Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high:
To Thee will I direct my prayer,—
To Thee lift up mine eye:—
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints;
Presenting at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Now to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.
- 4 O may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

No. 262.

- 1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.
- 2 O guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless—
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and thee;
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty.

No. 263.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove;

Source of the old prophetic fire;
Fountain of life and love.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred Book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove;
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, thro' himself, we then shall know,
If Thou within us shine;
And sound, with all Thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

No. 264.

- 1 This holy Book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.
- 2 Nay, were the seas one chrysolite
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This book were worth them all.
- 3 Yes, here a blessed balm appears
To heal the deepest woe,
And those who read this Book in tears
Their tears shall cease to flow.

No. 265.

- 1 Why do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to His arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more
To keep us from our love. [slow,
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all His saints He blest
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

No. 266.

- 1 Vain man, thy fond pursuits forbear;
Repent, thine end is nigh;
Death, at the farthest, cannot be far:
O think before thou die.

- 2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save ;
Thy sins, how high they mount !
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
How stands that dark account ?
- 3 Death enters, and there's no defence ;
His time there's none can tell ;
He'll in a moment call thee hence
To heaven, or down to hell.

No. 267.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross—
A follower of the Lamb—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 268.

- 1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven !
This earth, he cries, is not my place ;
I seek my place in heaven.
- 2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see ;
The land of rest, the saints delight,—
The heaven prepared for me.
- 3 O what a blessed hope is ours !
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly
And ante-date that day. [powers,

No. 269.

- 1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
- 2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rises on my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.
- 3 There generous fruits, that never fail
On trees immortal grow ;

- There rock, and hill, and brook, and
With milk and honey flow. [vale,
4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day :
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

No 270.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 271.

- 1 Behold the Saviour of mankind ;
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that Him inclined
To bleed and die for thee !
- 2 Hark ! how He groans, while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend :
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,—
The solid marbles rend.
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid !
Receive my soul ! He cries :
See where He bows His sacred head ;
He bows His head, and dies.
- 4 But soon He'll break death's envious
And in full glory shine : [chain
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like Thine ?

No. 272.

- 1 Sweet was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises turned my tongue ;
And when the evening shades pre-
His love was all my song. [vail'd,

- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw His glory shine;
And when I read His holy Word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourn;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

No. 273.

- 1 Thy law is perfect, the Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of Thy realms are right,
And Thy commandment pure.
- 2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make Thy servant wise;
Let these be gladness to my ears,—
The day-spring to mine eyes.
- 3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous
Cleanse me from secret sin.[crimes;

No. 274.

- 1 Why should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Tho' strong, and young, and gay.
- 2 The present we should now redeem;
This only is our own:
The past, alas! is all a dream;
The future is unknown.
- 3 Oh, think what vast concerns depend
Upon a moment's space,
When life and all its cares shall end
In vengeance or in grace!
- 4 Oh, for that power which melts the
And lifts the soul on high, [heart,
Where sin, and grief, and death depart,
And pleasures never die.

No. 275.

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning
And Thou my rising sun, [star,
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,

If Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

No. 276.

- 1 Lord, I approach the mercy-seat,
Where Thou dost answer prayer;
There humbly fall before Thy feet,—
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to Thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead Thy gracious name.

No. 277.

- 1 Lord, I believe a rest remains
To all Thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And Thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The sabbath of Thy love.

No. 278.

- 1 Hosanna, be the children's song,
To Christ, the children's King;
His praise, to whom our souls belong,
Let all the children sing.
- 2 From little ones to Jesus brought,
Hosanna now be heard;
Let little infants now be taught
To lip that lovely word.
- 3 Hosanna, on the wings of light,
O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
And heaven to earth, reply.

No. 279.

- 1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls His own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?
- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And entered into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,
God has recalled His own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say,—Thy will be done.

No. 280.

- 1 Pray'r is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's native breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters Heaven with prayer.

No. 281.

- 1 Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part:
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
Where He appoints we go;
And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
And show His praise below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside,—
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

No. 282.

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,—
A calm and heav'nly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn
And drove thee from my breast.

No. 283.

- 1 That awful day will surely come
The appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Jesus, Thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear Thy voice
Pronounce the word,—Depart!
- 3 The thunder of that awful word
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste His love.

No. 284.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,
Thro' every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.

- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ;
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's Name.
- 4 In every land begin the song ;
To every land the strains prolong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the word with loudest praise.

NO. 285.

- 1 Of Him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing ;
Arise, ye needy,—He'll relieve ;
Arise, ye guilty,—He'll forgive.
- 2 Ask but His grace, and lo, 'tis given ;
Ask, and He turns your hell to heav'n ;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul
Jesus, Thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 To shame our sins He blush'd in blood ;
He closed His eyes to show us God ;
Let all the world fall down and know,
That none but God such love can show.
- 4 'Tis Thee I love, for Thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan ;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 5 Insatiate to this spring I fly ;
I drink, and yet am ever dry :
Ah ! who against Thy charms is proof ?
Ah ! who that loves can love enough ?

NO. 286.

- 1 Bless, O my soul ! the living God ;
Call home thy tho'ts that rove abroad :
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul ! the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders He hath
Be lost in silence, and forgot ? [wrought
- 3 'Tis He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let every land His power confess ;
Let all the earth adore His grace :
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.

NO. 287.

- 1 And will the great eternal God
On earth establish His abode ?

- And will He, from His radiant throne,
Accept our temples for His own ?
- 2 These walls we to Thy honour raise :
Long may they echo with Thy praise ;
And Thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest tokens of Thy grace.
- 3 Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of His train ;
While power divine His word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer His friends.

NO. 288.

- 1 Come, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain ;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.
- 2 His sovereign power our bodies made ;
Our souls are His immortal breath ;
And when His creatures sinn'd He bled,
To save us from eternal death.
- 3 Burn, every breast with Jesus' love ;
Bound every heart with rapt'rous joy ;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in His praise employ.
- 4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for Him our cheerful strain ;
Worship and thanks to Him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.

NO. 289.

- 1 God is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting
[souls.--

NO. 290.

- 1 Behold, the heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow ;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long hath held his throne.

3 Where'er His hand hath spread the
skies,
Sweet incense to His Name shall rise;
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

No. 291.

1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we
strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

3 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding
praise.

4 Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

No. 292.

1 Sovereign of worlds! display Thy
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour; [power;
Bid the bright morning star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains,
On lonely isles and lands unknown,
And make the nations all Thine own.

3 Speak! and the world shall hear Thy
voice;
Speak! and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night,
And bid all nations hail the light.

No. 293.

1 My heart is fixed on Thee, my God;
I rest my hope on Thee alone;
I'll spread Thy sacred truths abroad,—
To all mankind Thy love make known.

2 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.

3 With those who in Thy grace abound,
To Thee I'll raise my thankful voice;
Till every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in Thy Name rejoice.

4 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be Thy glorious Name;
Let hosts in heaven Thy praises sing,
And saints on earth Thy love proclaim.

No. 294.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at His feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 295.

1 Great God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from Thy presence springs;
To spend one day with Thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within Thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Shall tempt my feet to leave Thy door.

3 God is our sun, He makes our day;
God is our shield, He guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within

No. 296.

1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Of whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
It was the Saviour's gracious call;

It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh, should'st thou grieve Him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

No. 297.

1 How sweetly flow'd the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
While list'ning thousands gather'd
round,

And joy and rev'rence fill'd the place.

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He
spoke,
To heaven He led His foll'wers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 Come, wand'ers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest.
Yes, sacred Teacher! we will come,
Obey, and be forever blest.

No. 298.

1 Come, O Thou greater than our heart,
And make Thy faithful mercies known;
The mind which was in Thee impart:
Thy constant mind in us be shown.

2 Oh, let us by Thy cross abide,
Thee, only Thee, resolve to know,
The Lamb for sinners crucified,
A world to save from endless woe.

3 Take us into Thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With Thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace.

4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait;
Oh, let our eyes behold Thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete;
Appear, our glorious God, appear.

No. 299.

1 Behold! a stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks—has knock'd before!
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will!—the very friend you need!

The Man of Nazareth!—'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

3 Oh! lovely attitude!—He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands!
Oh! matchless kindness!—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

4 Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
When at His door denied you'll stand!

No. 300.

1 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, thro' faith alone,—
A faith Thou must Thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 A faith that doth the mountains move,
A faith that shows our sins forgiven,
A faith that sweetly works by love,
And ascertains our claim to heaven.

No. 301.

1 Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's
weak:

Thou thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' Name.

4 Depend on Him; thou canst not fail:
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; His merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

No. 302.

1 Slavery and death the cup contains;
Dash to the earth the poisoned bowl;
Softer than silk are iron chains
Compared with those that chafe the soul.

2 Hosannas, Lord! to Thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys;
What countless thousands tribute bring
For happier homes and brighter days

3 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind;
Till man no more shall deem it just,
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.

No. 303.

1 What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows its worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds
withdraw;

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor
bright;

And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

No. 304.

1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin;
Should storms of wrath shake earth and
sea,

Their minds have heav'n and peace
within.

2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;

And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their tho'ts their joys come
But fly not half so swift away: [down,
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 How oft they look to the heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow;
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

No. 305.

1 Deem not that they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
For God, who pities man, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
Tho' grief may bide an evening guest,
Yet joy shall come with early light.

4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Tho' with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurned of men, He goes to die.

No. 306.

1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene!

2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest; [power,
When faith endued from heaven with
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.

3 Mark but the radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak

4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.

No. 307.

1 Jesus, the gift divine I know,
The gift divine I ask of Thee;
The living water now bestow,
Thy Spirit and Thyself, on me.

2 For Thou of life the fountain art,
None else can give or take away;
O may I find it in my heart,
And with me may it ever stay.

3 Thus may I drink,—and thirst no
For drops of finite happiness; [more
Spring up, O well, in heavenly power,
In streams of pure perennial peace.

No. 308.

1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flow'r,

Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour.

3 But 'ho' earth's fairest blossoms die,
And all beneath the skies in vain,
There is a brighter world on high,
Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
If God be ours, we're trav'ling home,
Though passing thro' a vale of tears.

No. 309.

1 Why should we start, and fear to die?
What tin'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, would my Lord His servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in
haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

No. 310.

1 He wills that I should holy be:
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

2 See, Lord, the travail of Thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On Thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thine utmost will;
The promise by Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfil.

No. 311.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;

A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with
friend;

Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to
greet,

While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 312.

1 Lord of the wide, extensive main,
Whose power the wind, the sea, con-
trols,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sus-
tain.

Whose Spirit leads believing souls.

2 'Tis here Thine unknown paths we
trace,

Which dark to human eyes appear;
While thro' the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

3 Throughout the deep Thy footsteps
We own Thy way is in the sea, [shine;
O'erawed by majesty divine,
And lost in Thine immensity.

No. 313.

1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done:
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

4 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of Thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To see Thy face, and sing Thy love.

No. 314.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives—
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead;
He lives, my everlasting Head!

2 He lives, to bless me with His love
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily bread;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to His Name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives,—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

No. 315.

1 Abraham, when severely tried,
His faith by his obedience showed;
He with the harsh command complied,
And gave his Isaac back to God.

2 His son the father offered up,—
Son of his age, his only son;
Object of all his joy and hope,
And less beloved than God alone.

3 O for a faith like his, that we
The bright example may pursue;
May gladly give up all to Thee,
To whom our more than all is due.

No. 316.

1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?

2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,—
So let Thy pard'ning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there,—
Some sure support against despair.

No. 317.

1 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden tremblingshakes the ground:

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see:
Jesus, the dead, revives again.

3 Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy
sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting
grave?

No. 318.

1 The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass a
way,
What power shall be the sinners stay?
How shall He meet that dreadful day—

2 When, shriv'ling like a parch'd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the
dead?

3 Oh, on that day, the wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from
clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

No. 319.

1 Oh, that my load of sin were gone;
Oh, that I could at last submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine Thou art,
Give me Thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp Thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in Thee.

4 Fain would I learn of Thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood
The labor of Thy dying love.

No. 320.

- 1 O let the pris'ners' mournful cries
As incense in Thy sight appear;
Their humble wailings pierce the skies,
If haply they may feel Thee near.
- 2 The captive exiles make their moans,
From sin impatient to be free:
Call home, call home, Thy banished ones;
Lead captive their captivity.
- 3 Show them the blood that bought their
peace,
The anchor of their steadfast hope,
And bid their guilty terror's cease,
And bring the ransom'd pris'ners up.

No. 321.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found, and peace is given;
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, oh! haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on Time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before His bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour calls you to the skies.

No. 322.

- 1 Go, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord,—
Bid the whole world my grace receive;
He shall be saved who trusts My word,
And he condemned who won't believe.
- 2 I'll make your great commission known;
And ye shall prove my Gospel true,
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Teach all the nations my commands,—
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands,—
I can destroy, and I defend.

No. 323.

- 1 Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh:
'Tis God invites the fallen race:
Mercy and free salvation buy,—
Buy wine, and milk, and Gospel grace.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's call;
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find His grace is free for all.

3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

No. 324.

- 1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone;
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom He loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and, from ether-plains
Is born the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

No. 325.

- 1 From Calvary a cry was heard,—
A bitter and heart-rending cry,
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks Thy soul's deep agony.
- 2 A horror of great darkness fell
On Thee, Thou spotless, holy One!
And all the swarming hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.
- 3 Lord! on Thy cross I fix mine eye:
If e'er I lose its strong control,
O let that dying, piercing cry,
Melt and reclaim my wand'ring soul.

No. 326.

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,—
Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home:

But He forgives my follies past, [come.
And gives me strength for days to

3 I lay my body down to sleep:
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall
come

My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait Thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

No. 327.

1 Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent Thine I would be,
And own Thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of Thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the
blood

That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to Thee my all.

No. 328.

1 Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art
found,

And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For Thou within no walls confined,
Dost well with those of humble mind,
Such ever bring Thee where they come,
And, going, take Thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of Thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of Thy saving name.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

No. 329.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
Thro' all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.

2 Let thrones, and powers, and king-
doms, be

Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;
And every land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of Thy reign.

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
'Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

No. 330.

1 All nature sings Thy boundless love,
In worlds below, and worlds above;
But in Thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of Thy grace.

2 There, what delightful truths I read!
There, I behold the Saviour bleed:
His name salutes my list'ning ear,
Revives my heart, and checks my fear.

3 There Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my lab'ring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful thoughts on high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

4 For love like this, O let my song,
Thro' endless years, Thy praise prolong
Let distant climes Thy Name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

No. 331.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be
Let my religious hours alone; [gone,
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.

2 Oh, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.

3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet Thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In Thee Thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious Name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess Thee Lord.

No. 332.

1 Come, Saviour, Jesus, from above,
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.

2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free ;
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on Thee.

3 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But Thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

No. 333.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest !
How mildly beam the closing eyes !
How gently heaves th'expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

No. 334.

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

3 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

4 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store ;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

No. 335.

1 Deep are the wounds which sin has
made,

Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain, alas ! is nature's aid ;
The work exceeds her utmost power.

2 But can no sov'reign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly ?

3 There is a great Physician near ;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live ;
See, in His heavenly smiles, appear
Such help as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow ;
And in that sacrificial flood
A balm for all thy grief and woe.

No. 336.

1 Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest ;
Improve the day thy God hath blest :
Another six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun.

2 Oh that our thoughts and thanks may
As grateful incense to the skies ; [rise,
And draw from Christ that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.

3 This heavenly calm, within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The ends of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts pass away ;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

No. 337.

1 Come, sinners, to the gospel feast ;
Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.

2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call ;
The invitation is to all :—
Come all the world ! come, sinner, thou !
All things in Christ are ready now.

3 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest ;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and
In Christ a hearty welcome find. [blind,

No. 338.

1 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !
Put on Thy strength, the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by Thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from Thy throne,
I am Jehovah—God alone :
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let creature blood be spilt—
Vain sacrifice for human guilt !

But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God, Thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before Thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

No. 339.

1 Triumphant Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!
Though humbled long awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy pray-
His hand thy ruin shall repair: [er;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

No. 340.

1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt Thy great Creator's praise:
But O, what tongue can speak His fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around Him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, thro' all this wond'rous frame,
Declare the glory of His Name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, His glories sing;
And let His praise employ thy tongue,
Till list'ning worlds shall join the song.

No. 341.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds:
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
are one!

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love and holy fear!

How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and human woe;
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy—a heaven of love!

No. 342.

1 Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Lord I believe Thy precious blood,—
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
Forever doth for sinners plead,—
For me, e'en for my soul, was shed.

3 Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

No. 343.

1 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within Thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee:
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

3 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength de-
rive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till Thou Thy quick'ning Spirit breathe!
Thou givest the power thy grace to
move;

O wondrous grace! O boundless love!

No. 344.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;

All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 345.

1 Shall man, O God of light and life,
Forever moulder in the grave?
Canst Thou forget Thy glorious work,
Thy promise, and Thy power, to save?

2 In those dark, silent realms of night
Shall peace and hope no more arise?
No future morning light the tomb,
Nor day-star gild the darksome skies?

3 Cease—cease, ye vain, desponding
fears:
When Christ, our Lord, from darkness
sprang,
Death, the last foe, was captive led,
And heav'n with praise and wonder rang.

No. 346.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost its venom'd sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

No. 347.

1 There is a God—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See—from the clouds His glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, supremely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,

Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
Bow down before Him and adore.

No. 348.

1 Dear is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits
pour;

Oh, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.

2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.

3 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.

4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar;
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

No. 349.

1 My God, how endless is Thy love;
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently descend like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the
night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield myself to Thy command!
To Thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

No. 350.

1 Thine, Lord, is wisdom, Thine alone!
Justice and truth before Thee stand:
Yet, nearer to Thy sacred throne,
Mercy withhold Thy lifted hand.

2 Each evening shows Thy tender love;
Each rising morn Thy plenteous grace:
Thy waken'd wrath doth slowly move;
Thy willing mercy flies apace.

3 To Thy benign, indulgent care,
Father, this light, this breath we owe;
And all we have, and all we are, [flow,
From Thee, great Source of being,

4 Thrice Holy ! Thine the kingdom is,
The power omnipotent is Thine ;
And when created nature dies,
Thy never-ceasing glories shine.

No. 351.

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on ;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace ;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

No. 352.

1 Great God of nations, now to Thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise ;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer Thee our song of praise.

2 Thy Name we bless, Almighty God,
For all the kindness Thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own.

3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray ;
Here Thou our father's steps did'st
guide
In safety thro' their dangerous way.

4 We praise Thee that the gospel's light
Thro' all our lands its radiance sheds ;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us
spreads.

No. 353.

1 Oh, for a glance of heav'nly day,
To take this stubborn heart away ;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

2 The rocks can rend ; the earth can
quake ;
The seas can roar ; the mountains shake :

Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

3 To hear the sorrows Thou hast felt,
Oh Lord, an adamant would melt :
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine

4 But power divine can do the deed :
And, Lord, that power I greatly need :
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.

No. 354.

1 Saviour of men, Thy searching eye,
Doth all mine inmost thoughts descry ;
Doth aught on earth my wishes raise,
Or the world's pleasures, or its praise ?

2 The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men ;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,—
To snatch them from the gaping grave.

3 For this let men revile my name ;
No cross I shun, I fear no shame :
All hail, reproach ; and welcome, pain ;
Only Thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

No. 355.

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise Thy Name, give thanks,
and sing ;

To show Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth by night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part :
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

No. 356.

1 Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for Thee ;
Thy saints adore Thy holy Name ;
Thy creatures bend the obedient knee,
And, humbly, now Thy presence claim.

2 Eternal Source of truth and light,
To Thee we look, on Thee we call ;
Lord, we are nothing in Thy sight,
But Thou to us art all in all.

3 So shall our sun of hope arise,
With brighter still and brighter ray,
Till Thou shalt bless our longing eyes
With beams of everlasting day.

No. 357.

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee!
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No! when I blush be this my shame,—
That I no more revere His Name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

No. 358.

1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Tho' I have done Thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged Thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:

3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness
grieved:

4 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
For in Thy righteous anger swear
T' exclude me from Thy people's rest.

No. 359.

1 Jesus, my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
On whom I cast my every care,
On whom for all things I depend,—
Inspire, and then accept, my prayer.

2 If I have tasted of Thy grace,—
The grace that sure salvation brings;
If with me now Thy Spirit stays,
And, how'ring, hides me in His wings.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
His voice behind me may I hear,—
Return, and walk in Christ, thy way;
Fly back to Christ, for sin is near!

No. 360.

1 Awake, Jerusalem, awake.—
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy
sight,
And hides the promise from Thine
eyes;

Arise and struggle into light;
The great Deliverer calls,—Arise!

3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purg'd from every sinful stain,
Be like our Lord, His Word embrace,
Nor bear His hallow'd Name in vain.

No. 361.

1 Arise, my soul, on wings sublime,
Above the vanities of time;
Let faith now pierce the veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should I grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at vain and fleeting toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys.

3 Shall aught beguile me on the road,—
The narrow road that leads to God?
Or can I love this earth so well,
As not to long with God to dwell?

4 To dwell with God,—to taste His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above:
The glorious expectation now
Is heavenly bliss begun below.

No. 362.

1 Awake and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's Name.

2 Sing of His dying love;
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.

- 3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

No. 363.

- 1 Hail to the Sabbath-day!
The day divinely given,
When men to God their homage pay,
And earth draws near to heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within Thy courts we bend,
And bless Thy love, and own Thy
power,
Our Father and our Friend.
- 3 But Thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day Thine own
When man draws near to God:—
- 4 Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasur'd sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of vast eternity.
- 5 Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on Thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

No. 364.

- 1 Come, sound His praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 Come, worship at His throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are His works, and not our own,
He formed us by His word.

No. 365.

- 1 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His Name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the
It withers in an hour. [field,
- 4 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.

No. 366.

- 1 If, on a quiet sea,
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God to Thee,
We'll own the favoring gale.
- 2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.
- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to Thy control:
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.

No. 367.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

No. 368.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 His power subdues our sins;
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of His grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

No. 369.

- 1 Glad was my heart to hear
My old companion say,—
Come, in the house of God appear;
For 'tis a holy day.

- 2 Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet;
And joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.
- 3 Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God!
Lord, send Thy blessings down to
That love the dear abode! [them]
- 4 Within these walls, may peace
And harmony be found!
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound.
- 5 For friends and brethren dear
Our prayer shall never cease:
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send His people peace!

No. 370.

- 1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

No. 371.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace;
The promise calls us near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow,—
Thy presence and Thy love,—
That we may serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.
- 3 Teach us to live by faith,—
Conform our wills to Thine;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

No. 372.

- 1 The praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;

- From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;
- 2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppressed;
Appear and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.
- 3 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize:
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.
- 4 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of Thy love,
And shut me up in God.

No. 373.

- 1 Oh, that I could repent!
Oh, that I could believe!
Thou, by Thy voice the marble rend,
The rock in sunder cleave:
- 2 Thou, by Thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part:
Strike with the hammer of Thy Word,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Saviour, and Prince of peace!
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness
And let the captive go:
- 4 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove: [heal,
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to
The balm of pard'ning love.

No. 374.

- 1 I want a heart to pray,—
To pray, and never cease;
Never to murmur at Thy stay,
Or wish my suff'rings less.
- 2 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,—
Unmov'd by threat'ning or reward,
To Thee and Thy great name;
- 3 I rest upon Thy word,—
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from Thee:

No. 375.

- 1 And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive!

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all, resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
And seal me ever Thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all Thy weight of love.

No. 376.

- 1 Thy way is in the sea;
Thy paths we cannot trace;
Nor solve, O Lord, the mystery
Of Thy unbounded grace.
- 2 Here the dark veils of sense
Our captive souls surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
Our wond'ring thoughts confound.
- 3 As through a glass we see
The wonders of Thy love;
How little do we know of Thee,
Or of the joys above!

No. 377.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive
When and wherever strown:
- 3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

No. 378.

- 1 Far from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,

How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

- 3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 Oh may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.

No. 379.

- 1 Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy servants cry;
Answer our faith's effectual pray'r,
And all our wants supply.
- 2 On Thee we humbly wait,—
Our wants are in Thy view;
The harvest, truly, Lord, is great,
The labourers are few.
- 3 Convert and send forth more
Into Thy Church abroad, [pow'r
And let them speak Thy word of
As workers with their God.

No. 380.

- 1 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.
- 2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransom'd spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with Him above.
- 4 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

No. 381.

- 1 When o'er the deep we rode.
By winds and storms assail'd;
We call'd upon the ocean's God,
Whose mercy never failed.
- 2 The tempest heard His voice,
The winds obeyed His will:
The elements withheld their noise,
And all the floods were still.

3 With joy we hailed the shore,
And safe the vessel moored;
With grateful hearts, that happy
hour,
We praised the ocean's Lord.

No. 382.

- 1 O Lord, Thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.
- 2 Oh, let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.
- 3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.
- 4 Now lend Thy gracious ear;
Now listen to our cry:
Oh, come, and bring salvation near,
Our souls on Thee rely.

No. 383.

- 1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of Thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved,
With His own precious blood
- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my care and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 384.

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

No. 385.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice,—
So sweet the tidings are:
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

No. 386.

- 1 The power to bless my house,
Belongs to God alone;
Yet rend'ring Him my constant vows,
He sends His blessings down.
- 2 Shall I not then engage
My house to serve the Lord,—
To search the soul-converting page,
And feed upon His word:—
- 3 To ask, with faith and hope,
The grace which He supplies,
In prayer and praise to offer up
Their daily sacrifice?
- 4 Let each his sin eschew,
Through Thy restraining grace;
Our father Abraham's steps pursue,
And walk in all Thy ways.
- 5 Saviour of men, incline
The hearts which Thou hast made,—
Which Thou hast bought with blood
To ask Thy promised aid. [divine,
- 6 Me and my house receive,
Thy family to increase;
And let us in Thy favour live,
And let us die in peace.

No. 387.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise.

Welcome, to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

- 2 The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place,
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

No. 388.

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul ;
His grace to Thee proclaim ;
And all that is within me, join
To bless His holy Name.
- 2 The Lord forgives thy sins,—
Prolongs thy feeble breath ;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.
- 3 Then bless His holy Name
Whose grace hath made thee whole ;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days :
O bless the Lord, my soul.

No. 389.

- 1 How gentle God's commands !
How kind His precepts are !
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust His constant care.
- 2 Beneath His watchful eye
His saints securely dwell ;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard His children well.

No. 390.

- 1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love :
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes :
Our mutual burdens bear ;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 391.

- 1 Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.
- 3 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where streams of bliss forever flow,
And every heart is love.

No. 392.

- 1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face ?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For His redeeming grace.
- 2 What troubles have we seen !
What conflicts have we past !
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last !

No. 393.

- 1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled
Make their communion sweet. [vows
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

No. 394.

- 1 O where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to
Or pierce to either pole. [sound,
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !

No. 395.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.

No. 396.

1 My soul, be on thy guard ;
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armour down :
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God ;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To His divine abode.

No. 397.

1 Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace ;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day ;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay ?

3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come ;
And every promise in His Word
Declares there yet is room.

No. 398.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise !
Stay not for the morrow's sun ;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore !
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return !
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner to be blest !
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

No. 399.

1 Christians, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore ;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to Thee, Thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given :
Grateful for Thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever Thine.

No. 400.

1 Silently the shades of evening
Gather round my lonely door ;
Silently they bring before me
Faces I shall see no more.

2 Oh, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot ;
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely !
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend ;
They unlinked with earthly trouble
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

No. 401.

- 1 Saviour, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

No. 402.

- 1 Hark, my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His word!
Jesus speaks, He speaks so thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
'Turned thy darkness into light."
- 3 "Thou shall see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
- 4 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love Thee and adore,
Oh, for grace to love Thee more!

No. 403.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself invites thee near,—
Bids thee ask Him, waits to hear.
- 2 Lord, I come to Thee for rest:
Take possession of my breast;
There, Thy blood-bought right main-
And without a rival reign. [tain,
- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirits cheer;
As my guide my guard my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

No. 404.

- 1 When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee
When is finished thy career, [spread,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?

No. 405.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice,
I will guide you to your home;
Weary wand'rer, hither come!
- 2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn.
Long hast roamed the barren waste
Weary wanderer, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:—
- 4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

No. 406.

- 1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
- 2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself, that ye might live.
- 3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love.

No. 407.

- 1 Swell the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King,
- 2 Blessings from His liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Kept by Him, no foes annoy;
Peace and freedom we enjoy.
- 3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—
Never feel oppression's rod,—
Ever own and worship God.
- 4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;

Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

No. 408.

- 1 Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongue employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.
- 3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that liberal autumn pours
From her overflowing stores.

No. 409.

- 1 Go, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly,
Take the wonder-working rod:
Wave the banner cross on high.
- 2 Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And th'oppressed forever weep.
- 3 O'er the pagan's night of care
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his wild despair;
Bid him hope to be forgiven.
- 4 Where the golden gates of day
Open on the palmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

No. 410.

- 1 Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumph high;
||: Sing, ye heavens—and earth reply. :||
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
||: Lo! he sets in blood no more. :||
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise;
||: Christ has opened Paradise. :||

- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
||: Where's thy victory, boasting grave?:||

No. 411.

- 1 Glory be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,,
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad Thine attributes confess,
Glorious all, and numberless.
- 3 Christ our Lord, and God we own,
Christ, the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending man.

No. 412.

- 1 Hark! the herald angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled.
- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,—
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,—
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!
- 4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,—
Risen with healing in His wings.

No. 413.

- 1 Morning breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,
See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Christian! dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears:
Look on His deserted grave;
Doubt no more His power to save.
- 3 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away:
} See the place where Jesus lay!

4 Lo! the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
Lo! returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.

No. 414.

- 1 Bright and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven,
Unto us a Son is given.
- 2 On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear,
On His vesture and His thigh,
Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel He,
Christ, th' incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages, ne'er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of peace.

No. 415.

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:
Leave, oh, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want:
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind;

Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee I found—
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me think of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 416.

- 1 Come, and let us sweetly join,
Christ to praise in hymns divine:
Give we all, with one accord,
Glory to our common Lord:
Hands, and hearts, and voices raise;
Sing as in the ancient days;
Ante-date the joys above,—
Celebrate the feast of love.
- 2 Strive we, in affection strive;
Let the purer flame revive;
Such as in the martyrs glow'd,
Dying champions for their God:
We like them may live and love;
Call'd we are their joys to prove;
Saved with them from future wrath;
Partners of like precious faith.
- 3 Sing we then in Jesus' Name,
Now as yesterday the same;
One in every time and place,
Full for all of truth and grace:
We for Christ, our Master, stand,
Lights in a benighted land:
We our dying Lord confess;
We are Jesus' witnesses.

Scripture Lessons for Responsive Reading.

SIN AND ITS CURE.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—ISA. liii, 16.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—JOHN iii, 16.

The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores.—ISAIAH i, 5, 6.

When Jesus heard it, he saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.—MARK ii, 17.

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.—GALATIANS v, 19-24.

All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.—ROMANS iii, 23.

For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.—ROMANS vi, 23.

And so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.—ROMANS v, 12.

This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 TIMOTHY i, 15.

PRAYERS AND PROMISES.

Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.—PSALM li, 1-3.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.—ISAIAH i, 18.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.—PSALM li, 10, 11.

A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.—EZEKIEL xxxvi, 26.

Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me; in the day when I call, answer me speedily.—PSALM cli, 1, 2.

Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.—PSALM i, 15.

Save me, O God; for the waters are come into my soul. I sink unto deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me.—PSALM lxi, 1, 2.

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walketh through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.—ISAIAH xliii, 2, 3.

My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.—PHILIPPIANS iv, 19.

PSALM 146.

Praise ye the Lord.

Praise the Lord, O my soul.

While I live will I praise the Lord:

I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

Put not your trust in princes,

Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth;

In that very day his thoughts perish.

Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help,

Whose hope is in the Lord his God:

Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is.

Which keepeth truth forever:

Which executeth judgment for the oppressed:

Which giveth food to the hungry.

The Lord looseth the prisoners:

The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind:

The Lord raiseth them that are bowed down:

The Lord loveth the righteous.

The Lord preserveth the strangers: He relieveth the fatherless and widow:

But the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

The Lord shall reign forever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations.

Praise ye the Lord.

GOSPEL INVITATIONS.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat;

Yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.—ISAIAH lv, 1.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live;

And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.—ISAIAH lv, 3.

The Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come.

And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will let him take the water of life freely.—REV. xxii, 17.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.—MATTHEW xi, 28, 29.

And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.—JOHN vi, 37.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—MATTHEW vii, 7.

Repent, and turn yourselves from all your transgressions; so iniquity shall not be your ruin.—EZEKIEL xviii, 30.

For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God: wherefore turn yourselves, and live ye.—EZEKIEL xviii, 32.

LOST AND FOUND.

And he spake this parable unto them, saying, What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which was lost, until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his shoulders, rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.—LUKE xv, 3-7.

Either what woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?

And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbors together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.—LUKE xv, 8, 9.

Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—LUKE xv, 10.

The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—LUKE xix, 10.

DUTIES AND MOTIVES.

For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world;

Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearance of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.—TITUS ii, 11-14.

Be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate.—1 TIMOTHY vi, 17, 18.

Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have; for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.—HABREWS xiii, 5.

Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven.—COLOSSIANS iv, 1.

Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God.—COL. iii, 23.

Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?—1 JOHN iii, 17.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—MATTHEW xxii, 37-39.

Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well-pleasing to the Lord.—COLOSSIANS iii, 20.

And ye, fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—EPHESIANS vi, 4.

Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.—COLOSSIANS iii, 19.

Wives, submit yourselves to your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord.—COLOSSIANS iii, 18.

HEAVEN.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, . . . that where I am there ye may be also.—JOHN xiv, 2, 3.

For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—2 CORINTHIANS v, 1.

After this, I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.—REVELATION vii, 9-17.

There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.—REVELATION xxi, 27.

And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.—REV. xxi, 23.

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